ENGLISH REVIEW

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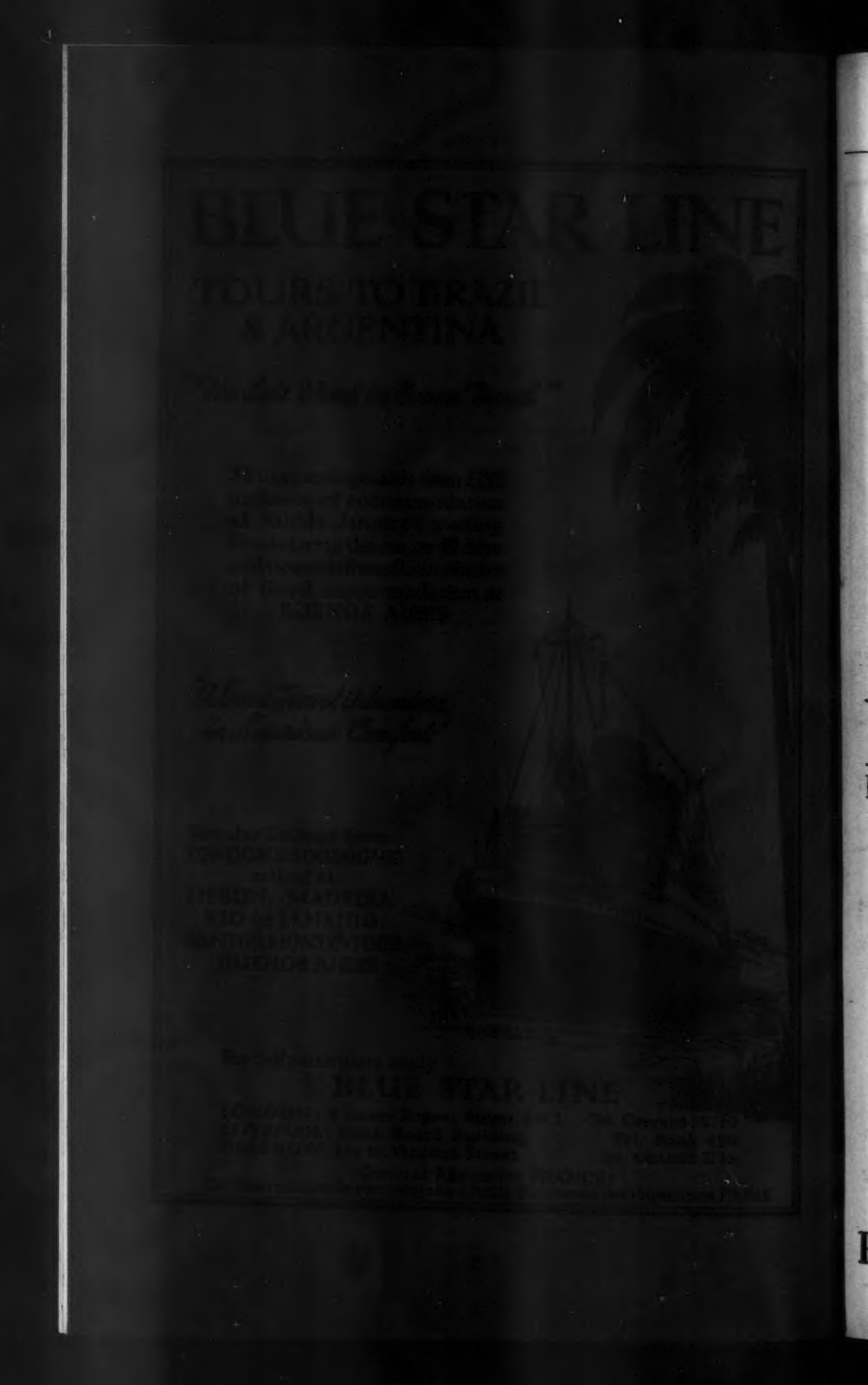
FEBRUARY, 1929.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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
FEBRUARY, 1929

Correspondence

King Constantine and the Allies

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The conflict of opinion in 1915 between the late King Constantine and his Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, has been the subject of a protracted historical controversy, which the present publication by Prince Nicolas of Greece of his "Political Memoirs," reviewed by Admiral Mark Kerr in your December issue, has served to revive. Prince Nicolas and those Allied and Greek naval and military men who so strangely supported Constantine in the latter's opposition to the forward pro-Ally policy of the great Cretan are now seen to have resumed with increased vehemence their previous attacks on M. Venizelos and his strategical plans for a combined offensive by the Allied fleets and the Greek army on the Gallipoli peninsula and the Straits. I am impelled therefore to deal in detail with their criticism, or at any rate with such aspects of it as are most pertinent to the issue.

It was in the latter part of February 1915, and more particularly in a confidential memorandum which he submitted to King Constantine on March 3, that M. Venizelos urged the intervention of Greece at Gallipoli. It will be remembered that his proposals to send a Greek expeditionary force thither were endorsed by the overwhelming majority of the statesmen who attended the Crown Councils specially convened for the purpose of considering this question on March 4 and 5.* Two questions may be said to arise from M. Venizelos's policy as defined and pressed at that date, namely, (1) Was the policy urged by him a sound one in itself? and (2) Had it been endorsed by the King and succeeded (i.e. had Gallipoli been taken and Constantinople fallen), would the results have justified his contention that the war would have been won by the Allies in considerably less than half the time which it actually took?

It is chiefly round the first of these questions that controversy has raged. The proposals to send a Greek expeditionary force to

* I welcome this opportunity of correcting a suggestion previously made by me, that, at one time during the Crown Councils, King Constantine showed signs of having been won over to M. Venizelos's view.

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Gallipoli have been criticized on a variety of grounds, of which the most important might be summarized under the following heads :—

(*a*) That the number of guns which could have been sent at the time with the Greek expeditionary force would have been wholly inadequate, being limited to two or three batteries, say, to twelve guns.

(*b*) That the Turks in Gallipoli would have been able to prevent a landing.

(*c*) That, had the expeditionary force been dispatched, Greece would have had Bulgaria as well as Turkey at war with her.

(*d*) That it was manifestly futile to attempt to seize Gallipoli with a force incapable of holding the peninsula against the armies that, it is suggested, could have been brought against it.

(*e*) That, had it been decided to send a Greek force to co-operate with the Allies, the Greeks could not have started before Sir Ian Hamilton did, i.e. at the end of April, when the Turks were already in strength on the peninsula.

It may be of interest to remark that during the first week of December last I addressed a direct inquiry to M. Venizelos with reference to (*a*) and (*b*) in the shape of the following questionnaire :—

(1) Was the number of guns to be sent with the expeditionary force limited to eight or twelve ?

(2) Would that have been sufficient for the proposed attack on the Turkish forts?

(3) If more guns had been needed, would not these have been easily and readily supplied by the Allies?

(4) Bearing in mind the consternation which reigned in Turkish headquarters at Constantinople at the mere threat of a landing, is it likely that the Turkish forces in Gallipoli would have been able to prevent it?

(5) Even allowing for losses by the landing force from Turkish machine-gun fire, is it reasonable to suppose that the Turks could have checked a combined effort by the Greek forces and the Allied forces from Mudros to effect a landing?

To this questionnaire M. Venizelos sent the following telegraphic reply from Athens on December 7, 1928:—

"Regarding your questions (1), (2), and (3), we could have sent the full number of guns required, in view of the fact that I had proposed the dispatch of one corps d'armée, or later, in order to meet the objections raised by the General Staff, of at least one whole division. Meantime we had in Greece five corps d'armée, or fifteen divisions, which could have been mobilized with their full equipment. Regarding questions (4) and (5), I need but refer to the published memoirs of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, then American Ambassador in Constantinople, which relate how the Turks, in their expectation of and consternation over a landing at Gallipoli, were preparing to abandon Constantinople and to withdraw to the Asiatic side."

Turning now to the criticism of M. Venizelos's proposals embodied in (*c*) and (*d*), the more closely and impartially the existing situation at the time is examined, the more impossible will it be found to substantiate the objections to the proposed Greek expedition. Indeed, had the occupation of Gallipoli by the Greek expeditionary force been the signal for Bulgaria to declare war upon Greece, Bulgaria would have needed three weeks in which to mobilize. But inside of that time Constantinople would have been taken by the Allies, and it is a practical certainty that Bulgaria's entry into the war would then have been on the side of the Allies and not, as happened months later, on the side of the Central Powers. For Bulgaria's support of the latter in the autumn of 1915 was obtained only after months of delicate and difficult diplomatic and financial efforts by Germany, as a result of which Turkey consented to cede to Bulgaria the Karagatch triangle. This concession and the failure of the Allied enterprise in Gallipoli were, as everyone knows, the determining factors in Bulgaria's decision to range herself alongside of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. In March 1915 Bulgaria had, in point of fact, no intention of attacking Greece. If General Sir Arthur Paget could telegraph to Kitchener on March 17 that "the operations in the Dardanelles have made a deep impression; that all possibility of Bulgaria attacking any Balkan State that might side with the Entente is now over; and that there is some reason to think that shortly the Bulgarian army would

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move against Turkey to co-operate in the Dardanelles operations"—it is not difficult to realize the immediate effect which the fall of Constantinople would have had at Sofia. That effect would have been decisive.

Whence, therefore, would those invading armies, which were to have threatened the Gallipoli peninsula, have come? With Turkey driven out of the war, and Bulgaria entering on the side of the Allies, against whom would it have been necessary to "hold" the Gallipoli peninsula?

If for these obvious reasons the objections raised against M. Venizelos's proposals under (*c*) and (*d*) fall entirely to the ground, what is to be said of the objection formulated under (*e*), that in any case the proposed Greek expeditionary force could not have started before Sir Ian Hamilton started—at the end of April?

One can only express amazement at so glaring a misconception of the actual facts. The starting—and the landing—of the expeditionary force would assuredly have been a matter not of months, but of days. The troops were on the spot. Transport facilities were ample. Under these circumstances, and given tolerable weather conditions during the transportation and landing of the troops, how could a landing thus effected under the protection of the Allied and Greek navies, with aeroplane support, have been prevented in the first instance? And in the second place, once the Greek division had been

set ashore, would it not have been more than equal to the task of dealing with the Turkish garrison, which it outnumbered by nearly three to one, not counting such reinforcements as might have been provided by the Allied warships in the shape of naval and marine contingents?

Now, once this small Turkish garrison had been disposed of, a way for the passage of the Allied warships through the historic Straits would have been open, and the fall of Constantinople would have followed immediately on that passage.

I come to the other main question, perhaps the more important of the two, that is to say, to M. Venizelos's own estimate of the consequences which would have attended the forcing of the Straits and the mastery of Constantinople and the Bosphorus by the Allies. These consequences would have included a marked reversal of the position and effectiveness of Russia as an ally, in a sense most favourable to the Entente. The future of that vast country would have been assured for the whole duration of the war and possibly for a long time after. Indeed, the influence of these events would have been instant and decisive through Eastern Europe. The Balkan States would one and all have become committed to "an irrevocable hostility to the Central Powers." The effect on Italy would have been no less significant and momentous, for Italy at that moment was cautiously following the trend of military and naval developments, with an eye to her own chances and share in what promised then to be a final partition of the Ottoman Empire.

Bearing all these facts in mind, as well as the repercussion which so calamitous a defeat for the Central Powers would have had throughout Europe, by heartening the Allies and their friends and disheartening their opponents, can it be said with any fairness, or even reason, that M. Venizelos took an over-sanguine view when forming his estimate of the measure in which an Allied-Greek victory at the Straits would have shortened the war? If the answer to this query be in the negative, as it is bound to be in the case of any detached observer, the more one considers the proceedings of the Crown Councils held in Athens on March 4 and 5, 1915, the more one is driven to deplore that the late King Constantine, after having heard the advice, the almost unanimous advice, tendered to him by the most authoritative statesman of all the political parties, should nevertheless have suffered his mind to be deflected from the right course by other counsels. Assuredly, a great, a tragic responsibility attaches in this matter to those Greek, and Allied, naval and military men who offered the King advice so utterly mistaken and so disastrous in its ultimate consequence both to Greece and to the cause of the Allies.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR H. CROSFIELD.

Hotel du Parc,
Cannes, A.M.

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FEBRUARY, 1929

Current Comments

ANOTHER Parliament has begun its closing session, and it can be safely said that the prestige of that august institution was never lower. It is opportune that, on the very eve of the assembly of the House, Mr. Namier should have published his masterly survey of the structure of politics at the beginning of the reign of George III. In his introduction he uses one striking phrase. The House of Commons of that period, he says, was a microcosm—England in little. There, according to his thesis, which he substantiates, you can study in detail and in the concrete the forces and principles, the men and methods which were characteristic of the age. The House of Commons was the focus of the national life; not only lawyers, but soldiers, sailors, and Civil Servants found there the path of progress. For business men, a class nearly as influential then as now, a seat in the Commons was almost essential.

Politics 150 Years Ago

England was not well governed in the reign of George III. The rule of the great families, corresponding though it did to the popular temper—it is a delusion to suppose that the people as a whole were not interested in politics or that they were incapable of making their influence felt—was not efficient. There was no army of professional administrators to assist, and even perhaps to dictate to, the politicians. There were no staff colleges to turn out naval and military advisers to confound amateur strategists before, if not after, the event. As the result of what is best described as the lack of technique of our rulers in that period, grave mistakes were made in all fields and the American colonies were lost. Yet the prestige of the House of Commons survived. Indeed, it was never higher.

WHAT is the position today? We have an administrative machine which is second to none in efficiency. Only ten years ago we emerged victorious from a great war in which our record compared with that during the reign of George III was relatively free from error and mismanagement. Only two years ago our Government survived in the general strike a challenge to the very existence of constitutional forms. In both crises the executive and the ruling Parliamentary party had the support of the entire country. Yet the prestige of Parliament was never lower and it still declines.

The Falling Prestige of Parliament

THESE are strange facts, if we look only on the surface. It is even stranger that all over Europe the century which has marked the triumph from London to Vladivostock of the idea of popular government should have produced simultaneously in all countries a rising contempt for Parliaments. It has been well said that the last Tsar and the first Dictator of Russia would at least have agreed in one thing—the futility of the Russian Duma which excited the enthusiasm of Western progressives as recently as 1907. "Le Duma est mort: vive le Duma!" exclaimed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on a memorable occasion in that year, when the Liberal Party, at the height of its power, seemed to hold all the keys to ordered and beneficent progress. Today Liberalism is as dead as the Duma. Not even in England, most conservative of European nations, France always excepted, do we look to Parliament for help in our troubles. The Prime Minister himself, faced with an industrial crisis which threatens hundreds of thousands with actual starvation, glories in the fact that the reorganization of industry is being carried out without the interference of the politicians. This apathetic complacency is markedly significant of the trend of opinion. Mr. Baldwin lives, moves, and has his being in and by Parliament. Without it, his voice would barely reach across his own breakfast-table. Yet he thinks it good policy to declare from the housetops the incompetence of Parliament to deal with the greatest political issue of the day—the problem of unemployment.

A Paradoxical Contrast

THE contrast which we have sketched with the eighteenth century holds for other countries as for our own. Fundamentally the two great democracies of France and America derived their philosophy from England, and their institutions owed more than a little to our example. Elsewhere despotism was still the fashion, but in secret earnest and enlightened men were looking to parliamentary government as the sure remedy for their discontents. In 1848 the long period of travail was over and the century of Parliamentarianism was brought to birth. The flight of Metternich from Vienna was a startling symbol of that impassioned dawn. Today the era draws to an unhonoured close. Forms may remain. That is a matter which will be determined by the characters of different peoples. But the power has passed for ever. And the glory.

A World-wide Movement

LET us examine the reason. The paradoxical contrast between the corrupt aristocratic coterie which pulled the strings in the eighteenth century and enjoyed such limitless prestige, and the earnest hard-working men and women of our modern House of Commons who are forced by mere lack of public confidence to abdicate their nominal powers to the Federation of British Industries or the Trade Union Congress, is not in reality hard to resolve. At the beginning of the reign of George III, England was still predominantly an agricultural country. The great families who ruled were not representative of men who come and go, and change their minds, and have no deep roots, but of things. They represented the great estates. There were men in the country who would have preferred even then more democratic representatives; but that is beside the point, which is that members of both Houses, either themselves or through their nominees, represented a social system which actually prevailed and was generally accepted as the best system. The great patronage-holders, who could dispose of the representation of whole counties, could do so because they did in hard fact stand for the interests of those counties. Slang preserves truth, and these magnates were in fact, and not merely in name,

When Representation Succeeds

"the County." Had there been a wide franchise, the same men would have been elected. So long as the agricultural predominance remained, there was a unity of social organization which made representative government workable long before, but unfortunately only for a short time after, it came to be worked. That the great families and their placemen, when they got to Westminster, often sadly mismanaged the nation's affairs did not shake their hold on the country because it did not affect their hold on the county.

A Modern Parallel

THIS peculiarity—for such it may appear at the first glance—has an exact counterpart today. The blunders of the last Labour Government and deplorable inefficiency of the present Labour Opposition will not cost a single trade union leader his seat. These men, as representatives of their constituencies, are as ridiculous as any carpet bagman from the Liberal or Unionist central offices, but as representatives of Labour they are genuine. Unfortunately they represent a vertical, not a horizontal, division, and not even a trade or an industry, but a section of one or the other, and their mere presence in a Parliament which professes to represent territorial interests is a grotesque anomaly.

When Representation Fails

WHEN we have got so far, we begin to see a little daylight. If the great families were fitting representatives of agricultural England in the days of the estates because the estates were social units, so the system of territorial representation was adequate to those days, because territorial districts were economic units. And so, outside the towns, they remained until the repeal of the Corn Laws placed agriculture at the mercy of the urban consumer. Always in the towns, and after that date elsewhere, the territorial basis of representation became meaningless. This is not a matter of academic theory. Indeed, an ingenious phrase-maker could probably defend the territorial basis of the House of Commons even today. It is a matter of indubitable practical experience. One man can only represent a group of people when those people are united by a common interest, enjoy common

experiences, and therefore have a collective opinion. The only people in the House of Commons today who represent anyone are one or two country gentlemen from the extreme North and the West Country, where a few estates survive remote from the general life of the nation, the University members, the phalanx of trade union leaders, who represent neither their constituencies nor industry, but the members of their unions who under the constitution are not entitled to be represented, and a few representatives of exclusively *rentier* constituencies—a bare handful. The ordinary member of the House of Commons represents no one, which might not matter very much; but he represents nothing, which matters vitally.

The Modern M.P.

THE modern Member of Parliament is as well aware of this as anyone else. He tries to make the best of an impossible position by working hard for his constituents. But that is not his function. His function is not to represent, but to be representative of a section of the nation and so to earn for Parliament the moral authority, and to bring to it the special knowledge, necessary to a governing institution. He can do neither of these things. Modern constituencies are a legal fiction. They have no real existence, and their representatives have no shadow of real authority. From the standpoint of knowledge the position is far worse. A small minority of Members of Parliament represent somebody or something, though not their constituents, but, so far as a knowledge of the problems of government are concerned, the House of Commons is a collection of farcically uninstructed amateurs.

Specialization—the Death Knell of Parliament

THIS sounds like a wild exaggeration. If it be read as an attack on the intelligence of the average Member of Parliament, it would be worse than that; it would be an impudent lie. Contrary to much popular cant, the level of intelligence in the House of Commons is far higher than outside. But it is not intelligence of the kind that is required. Broadly speaking, members of

the House of Commons divide themselves into two classes. One class without practical experience have studied politics. The other without political training and education have graduated in the university of practical experience. But this experience is always one-sided. Here we come on the track of another, more subtle, but possibly even more damning, defect of Parliamentary institutions as such. Modern business demands a high degree of specialization—just as high a degree at the top as at the bottom. A captain of industry can be picked out of a group of lower business men in a minute by the number of branches of all trades, including his own, in which he professes absolute ignorance. The days of the universal genius are as irrevocably gone from the world of affairs as from the world of learning. The board of a modern "rationalized" industry contains professional financiers, professional lawyers, technical men, and proficient administrators. None of them knows, or professes to know, the other's business. On the Labour side, the divorce of labour from management is still so complete that no trade union leader has more first-hand knowledge of the real problems of his industry than any other out sider. They may and do acquire this knowledge, from outside. But such knowledge is book knowledge.

Pinchbeck Experts

THE result is sometimes amusing. Parliament, acutely conscious that, whatever the merits of the theory, the practice of representation has broken down, has a habit of trying to save its face by informally adopting the pose of an assembly of experts. Like every one else, I read the speeches of these men with awe and admiration until some one of them claims expert knowledge on a subject on which I happen to have a minute quantity of expert knowledge myself. Then disillusion comes.

Mr. Baldwin's Solution

THE plain fact is that to represent authoritatively even one big industry today requires an elaborately constituted committee. To take the correct decision on the facts brought out by the discussions of such a committee requires gifts wholly exceptional which command such a price, and are so rare, that they will not be found

in any deliberative assembly which pays its members the wages of a skilled artisan and submits them to the hazards and ignominious trickeries of contested elections. The result is the presence in Parliament of a haphazard collection of able and hardworking men who represent no one but themselves, and have no methodical access to the facts on which to base the judgments they are expected to take. No wonder that Mr. Baldwin declares his belief that Parliament is not expected today to deal with industry.

BUT in coming back to where we began, we have come back to a problem which imperatively demands solution.

And Mr. MacDonald's

With Mr. Baldwin's view that Parliament is not competent no one will quarrel. Even the Socialists, who wish to extend the power of the executive Government, do not conceal their contempt for the House of Commons as it is today. But where patriotic people must join issue with both the great political parties is in their willingness in the one case to do nothing—which means leaving the country without a Government—and in the other to trust to a lucky dip into the electoral bran-pie for a lease of power, to be used without regard to the method by which it was obtained or the absolute absence of moral authority behind it. For, mark you, the territorial basis is treated by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with absolute contempt. He actually defends the present electoral system because he may obtain not only office, but power, without even securing a bare majority of votes. He does not want to represent; he wants to govern. Mr. Baldwin, in his anxiety to represent, declines to govern.

ONE prophecy can be made with certainty. Neither of these policies will succeed, and, if they are persisted in, either will bring down our present system.

A Prophecy

It will collapse, as the Tsardom collapsed, from the mere weight of its own inefficiency. Already the flight from Parliament has begun. "How much longer will people stand you?" I asked a well-known Member of Parliament the other day. To which he replied at once: "How much longer shall we stand the absurdities and the degradation of these farcical

elections?" These are two sides of the same question. To put it in concrete form, ten years more of unemployment will enforce a drastic change in our methods of government dictated as much by the self-respect of the members of the House of Commons as by the indignation of private citizens. But can we afford ten years more of unemployment? And dare we accept what appears to be the only alternative—an experiment in Socialist government, which means nothing more nor less, in plain English, than the seizure of autocratic power by means of reckless promises and the attempt to make the promises good by the interference of a haphazard congeries of uninstructed amateurs with every department of industrial and social activity?

The Need for a Little Hard Thinking

We may have to try one or other of these hazards. Certainly at the immediate moment nothing will be done to re-cast our institutions. It is with no such ridiculous delusion that I have devoted the major part of these comments to these questions of Parliament. Nothing written today, even were it written with twice the vigour and ability that I can command, would change the immediate situation. But if we are to survive as a great nation, we have got to *begin* thinking about fundamentals. Just as, in the practical sphere, we have got to think ourselves out of current assumptions—to think, not about the amount and conditions of this or that benefit or pension, but about the ultimate advantages, as far as the relief of distress is concerned, of benefits and pensions as such; so in the sphere of theory we have got to begin to hammer out the framework of some workable system of popular government, and to waste no more time in disputing whether the franchise is best given to boys of eighteen or only to boys of twenty-one, or whether a retired fish-merchant with three houses is entitled to record three opinions on naval disarmament or only one.

A Survey of Fascism

It is a great misfortune that the most interesting experiment in government since the days of Alexander Hamilton should be associated quite wrongly by English people with an autocratic dictatorship. Fascism is allied only accidentally to the personal rule of Mussolini. It deserves

to be, and should be, studied on its merits. The International Council for the Study of Fascism has been founded for this purpose. On the executive council is only one Italian, but representatives (mostly university professors) of not less than fourteen countries, including England and America. The council have just published their first year-book entitled "A Survey of Fascism,"* and the very objective character of the contents make it a book to be read. Elsewhere in this number it is reviewed by Lord Sydenham. Throughout the volume there is no expression of opinion—merely a concise account of the philosophical basis and the proposed political structure of Fascism. Neither the one nor the other demands an autocracy, though the philosophic base of Fascism demands a rigid constitution on the American model.

The Essential Machinery of Fascism

WHAT is inherent in Fascism is the occupational organization of society and the limitation of the rights of free association outside those groups. But this limitation is only one which has appealed to most advanced thinkers in this country. Those who have advocated an industrial parliament for the regulation of industry have never contemplated either direct election or a power of veto by any other assembly convened in whatever manner for other purposes. The method of choice adopted for the selection of representatives of industry to serve on the executives of the corporative bodies so far formed is largely one of nomination by local *juntas*. But this is no essential of the scheme and works only because the regime commands popular support. The important thing for realists to consider is how far any more formal system of election produces better results. We have a parallel ready to hand. Trade union leaders are elected by indirect election (i.e. by block votes) and company directors by shareholders' votes operated by plural voting. In both cases the machine "makes" the election. The apathy of individuals is too great for it to be otherwise. But in neither case does it matter because the elected are in fact representative of a real body of opinion. The opinion exists and is informed, and it is

* Benn. 6s. net.

this fact, not the method of election, which determines the representative quality of the elected.

The Lines of Possible Reform

That it is along the line of the representation (whether by election, nomination, or both, is immaterial) of interests that we shall obtain a working compromise between the demands of efficiency and the need for some form of self-government cannot, in our view, be doubted. If only for one overwhelming reason. So long as there is an authority, however anomalous and discredited, above labour leaders and capitalists alike, which is not only able to, but is expected to, assume the final responsibility for industry as well as for other activities, such as diplomacy, war and police, the war of sectional interests will go on within the industrial groups. Worse still, the mass of the people will continue to cherish the fatal and destructive illusion of an outside authority capable of coming to their rescue with doles, subsidies, pensions, and a hundred other measures of "relief." Once each industrial group has to strike its own balance-sheet, a sense of realities is reached. Responsibility is restored.

The Problem of the Executive

The need for a strong executive government will, of course, remain. But that, which is provided in Italy by a Dictatorship, can be better provided, and in Anglo-Saxon countries will be provided, by indirect election. Once the essential political principles are enshrined in a written constitution, and the legitimate aspirations for self-government are rationally met through the machinery of local government (for territorial affairs such as roads, sanitation, police, and education), and the creation of corporative institutions for industrial affairs, the obstacles to the creation of an executive on the American model are removed. That such an executive could best be formed from persons nominated by the County Councils is the opinion of some who distrust the American precedent. All this, however, is mere speculation. The substance is the necessity to recast our governmental machine so as to ensure that our representative bodies shall be efficient by being based on constituencies capable of being

represented, that our policies shall be consistent by being subjected to the limitations of rigid constitutions, and that our executive shall be capable of impartiality by being removed from the haphazard control of irresponsible amateurs. These are things better worth thinking about than the result of the next election, which, whatever it is, will mean nothing.

Foreign Affairs

In foreign affairs, the holiday season has ensured us a little welcome silence, except in Afghanistan, where the perorations of progressive politicians have been rudely drowned by machine-guns. The brief experiment of a dictatorship on the approved European model has failed, and it is amusing to hear Liberal enthusiasts bemoaning the onset of "reaction." Actually, the affair is a lesson in the impossibility of progress without a powerful executive. Afghanistan is going through what England experienced during the War of the Roses, when a weak central government tried to ride the storm created by the revolutionary ideas of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (ingeniously appropriated by Protestants during the Reformation) and the destruction of the economic system by the Black Death.

The Pact: The Last Phase

America has ratified the Pact after an amazing debate, unreported over here, in which the Pact was energetically defended on the ground that it committed no one to anything, and left the United States with a free hand to interpret the Monroe Doctrine as, when, and where she liked. The debate was not reassuring for lovers of peace. It disclosed a very strong determination on the part of America to do what she wanted in her own good time, and a healthy contempt for the *status quo*, to preserve which, as we had imagined (or rather as others had imagined), was the whole object of the Pact. The object, of course, as we have said all along, was to leave the United States free to do what she wanted without risk of interference. To the pressure of wealth there is one answer only, and that answer is force. That the United

States know this well enough is shown by their vast expansion of armaments. They anticipate the answer with singular accuracy. They are, however, to be heartily congratulated on their diplomacy, if we take the Machiavellian standpoint. The increase in expenditure on armaments since 1914 by the United States (alone of all the countries in the world) substantially exceeds 100 per cent., but she has succeeded in persuading progressives of all countries that she alone is the real lover of peace. And she does not even belong to the League of Nations! How is it done?

Trade in 1928

THE year's trade returns show a decline in imports of £21 millions and an increase in exports of £14 millions. To those quaint people who imagine that by reducing our consumption we show ourselves to be more prosperous I can only recommend a dose of their own medicine. They will get thinner, not fatter. Of course, this may be good for them, just as war-time rationing was for many rich men and idle women, but it was not a sign of prosperity, for all that. The parallel, I fancy, is pretty exact. We shall have for some time to consume less in the unpleasant process of making our new post-war debtors' coat to the measure of the cloth we can get from our creditors. When our exports and imports have *both* shown for some years a steady increase, we shall know that we have reached the end of an unpleasant process.

Edmund Burke

THE centenary of Edmund Burke will arouse less interest than that of Catholic Emancipation. Some centenaries come fortunately, others do not. The greatest of orators contains among all his grandiloquent sentences no great store of practical wisdom. He believed in traditions and had a vivid historical sense, but it was linked to a false philosophy which is as dead as a door-nail. He believed that nations were organic unities (whereas, of course, they are merely rather ineffective compromises, with little historical basis, between race and government), and that, granted the requisite measure of continuity,

they could develop by a process of evolution along sound lines. It was this view which led him to rave over the French Revolution, which violated constitutional precedent, and to defend the American rebels because he held that they had not. He was right in his facts, but not in his conclusions, because what Burke cared for was the European tradition, of which France today is the chief repository and America the chief opponent. I do not suggest for a moment that Europe will not be all the better for a little healthy competition and a fusillade of brusque criticism, but the facts as they are contradict the whole philosophy of Edmund Burke. He never looked back far enough or he would have seen that European nationalism was a late and uncertain growth, that other forms of society had lasted longer, and that history provides no shred of evidence for any doctrine of social evolution. The two real problems of the modern world, created by the Renaissance and the Reformation, are to reconcile freedom of thought with wisdom, and political freedom with efficiency. Burke held that these problems would solve themselves in the course of evolution. He was, unfortunately, quite wrong, and has done much harm by the eloquence with which he invested so much error.

Catholic Emancipation

It will be a strange thing if the centenary of Catholic Emancipation, which coincides with so marked a revival in the popularity of Catholic philosophy, as much outside as within the Roman Communion, should also coincide with the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy. Yet such is likely to be the case. Naturally the restoration will be purely formal, but the results will not be. The Vatican will be able to make representations through diplomatic channels on secular affairs, and in the present temper will be able to make them more effectively than for some centuries, because the area of international discussion and operation was never wider. The dangers of such an opportunity to any church are obvious, but if the expected happens, the long division between secular and religious politics will be at least formally ended, which will be a step in the right direction.

Social Service and Unemployment

I HAVE said nothing in these notes of two important matters—unemployment and our growing expenditure—because I have dealt with both at length in recent issues. I may, however, usefully give some figures. The figures for 1927—just published—show that we spent in that year £383,260,486 on what are called social services, but are better described as public assistance or relief. In 1911, when the country was infinitely richer, we spent £63,077,551. Of the difference, £60 millions is accounted for by war pensions, the rest by the extension of the franchise and the policies that have attended it. As regards unemployment, the figure for the first week in January was over 1,500,000. If there is anyone who feels that these two figures are not connected, he must have a strange capacity for optimism.

Miners and Transference

THE problem of the miners is getting more acute, since districts into which miners have been transferred are beginning to complain. The complaint has found sympathy with Mr. Garvin, who pleads with the Government for some big scheme of training to be linked up with a general roadmaking campaign. There is much to be said for this, but the essential thing is to do nothing which will anchor the unemployed to districts where there is no hope of any employment.

It is true, of course, that in London, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton there are unemployed already, but the number fluctuates, and although the population of these towns has increased each year, their number of unemployed has not. In other words, industry in these districts is expanding, and a very minute percentage of general increase in trade will absorb more than all the unemployed in these centres.

There is another argument for transference which is infinitely more cogent. In all centres where employment is normal there exists a margin of income which is available for new goods or new services. The supply, in other words, can still create the demand. It may be only in a small way, but it is enough to make the difference between hope and despair. D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

The Channel Tunnel. — There has been an absence of significant expression of French opinion with regard to the revived tunnel scheme. France, however, stands to gain perhaps even more than Great Britain from its commercial advantages. It is doubtful whether Frenchmen will be induced by the avoidance of a sea-crossing to make England any more of a holiday resort than they do at present. It would take generations of propaganda to convince the average Frenchman that the sun is really quite a common feature of our northern skies and that the island is not habitually shrouded in an impenetrable fog. Moreover, it has to be confessed that our entertainment caterers do not go out of their way to study the convenience of the foreign patron, and that the habitual gaiety of our race is somewhat clouded by nonsensical licensing legislation. The numbers of British travellers to France will without question be augmented by the tunnel, and they will help by their expenditure to swell the already very large figures of this French invisible export trade. The tunnel will be of special benefit to those luxury and perishable articles which are a feature of French commerce.

Doubts and Fears.—Objections, if any there be, are more likely to be raised by soldiers and politicians than by business men. From a broad point of view, so long as Franco-British friendship remains, the tunnel can but be a military advantage to both countries, but by the very fact that large numbers of British troops could be rapidly and safely moved to support France in time of danger, French foreign policy might find itself unpleasantly and unhealthily dependent upon that of Great Britain. Those who advocate careful consideration of such points before any decision is taken cannot be dismissed impatiently as a lot of timorous obstructionists, either in France or Great Britain; but a refusal to sanction the scheme would have to be justified up to the hilt, for the ordinary Frenchman is undoubtedly just as much in favour of the tunnel as is his opposite number on your side of that turbulent stretch of water.

"Interpretations."—Versailles taught us that blessed word "reservations," and the Kellogg Pact has now given us "interpretations" in its place. The ratification of the Peace Pact by the American Senate has moved no one in France to tears or rejoicing. The Pact was never considered to be a serious instrument in the work of the world. It is perhaps morally satisfactory that modern politician-led crowds should insist upon rewriting old commandments, but how far this process helps them in observing such simple recommendations as "Thou shalt not kill" still remains problematic. Self-delusion is only a temporary malady, and people who care to reflect upon the fact that all the so-called Great Powers spend infinitely more upon their armaments than they can spare for their education realize that permanent peace is still a long way in the distance. While Mr. Kellogg was flourishing his golden pen at the bottom of the Pact, the world-wide movement for bigger and brighter navies showed no sign of being discouraged. Mr. Coolidge himself gave official approval to such a campaign on the morrow of the solemn ceremony at the Quai d'Orsay. The publication of General von Groener's document with regard to new German naval construction, and the almost simultaneous voting by the French Chamber of Deputies of the second slice of the naval building programme, are eloquent comments upon the practical value of the Pact.

The "Brotherhood of Man."—Those people in France have been disappointed who hoped to find in British common-sense a rampart against the flood of somewhat hysterical and mystic belief that the day of the brotherhood of man had dawned. They look forward with apprehension to next June, when the country will be given up to platform oratory with all its shifts and evasive dishonesty. In particular, they blame Conservatives in Britain who have not had the courage to put matters clearly before their constituents. They have no doubt that, when the time of test comes, the crowds which indulged in the sentimental orgy aroused by the Kellogg Pact will once more be heard declaring that they "are the sons of the bull-dog breed," and so on; but they know that even the fever heat of patriotic nationalism cannot improvise battleships any more than it could overnight produce the great armies which fought in Flanders.

French Views of English Politics.—Quite apart

from such considerations, French comment upon the approaching scramble is instructive as being that of reasonably unprejudiced observers. It is probably too much to expect that, with the party Press preparing its positions for June, some paper will be impartial enough to publish a translation of the extremely able series of articles by Pertinax in the *Echo de Paris*.

Pertinax does not mince words, nor does he need to do so. The fact that the paper which he represents is Conservative and Nationalist gives additional weight to some of his comments on the electoral situation. To Pertinax all parties are deliberately closing their eyes to the hard facts presented officially to their attention by the report of the Industrial Transference Board, which concluded that if British economic problems were to be solved, it could only be thanks to a reduction by 10 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom.

Conservative Expectations.— He holds out but little hope that the Conservatives, whose timidity with regard to Protectionism, Labour, and emigration is plain, will venture through their candidates to tell the truth. Pertinax clearly expects that the Conservatives will return to Westminster with a reduced majority, and he fears that Labour may obliterate Liberalism and become the Heir Apparent to power. Curiously enough he sees in the survival of Liberalism the last hope of saving Britain from government by a more or less ignorant lower class, and the only means of perpetuating the somewhat feudal system of government described by Mr. Belloc as Government, either by Lord Jumbo or Lord Rumbo, in the interest of old tradition and oligarchical methods.

Hopes for Labour.—Radical and Socialist Frenchmen naturally hope for the immediate return of a British Labour Ministry, for deep does call unto deep, as is shown by the simultaneous existence of governments either Conservative or authoritative in Italy, France, Spain, Britain, and Germany, the United States, Russia, and Servia. A Labour triumph in Britain would put new hope into all the Left wings of European politics. No one apparently in France anticipates the return of Lloyd George. At most it is hoped that he will be able to save the Liberal Party from extinction, and give it still an excuse for hope.

The New Constitutional Struggle

By C. H. S. Fifoot

EXACTLY three hundred years ago, Sir John Eliot, speaking in the House of Commons of the system of "forced loans" by which Charles I had attempted to replenish the Exchequer, and emphasizing the importance of resistance, said :—

> Yes, it is of more importance; more than is pretended; more than can be uttered. Upon this dispute not alone our lands and goods are engaged, but all that we call ours. These rights, these privileges, which made our fathers freemen, are in question. If they be not the more carefully preserved, they will, I fear, render us to posterity less free, less worthy than our fathers.

The result of the great constitutional struggle which these words foreshadowed is the commonplace of Macaulay's schoolboy. The sovereignty of Parliament has been the text of the orthodox constitutionalist from Blackstone to Dicey; and it has been reserved for the present generation to reopen a question that was thought to have been settled for all time by the tongue of Eliot and the sword of Cromwell.

Such an assertion comes in so unfamiliar a guise as to warrant the charge of hyperbole, or, at least, to be dismissed as the *ex cathedra* utterance of an academic whose attention is fixed upon too narrow an aspect of modern politics. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of the ordinary individual, the encroachments of the modern bureaucracy under the influence of socialistic legislation have reached such a point and are likely to extend so far as seriously to impair that balance of power between executive and legislature which it was the object of the post-Revolution statesmen to maintain. A closer examination of the events of the first half of the seventeenth century and the trend of modern policy will at least serve as an apology for the somewhat assertive title of the present paper and remind us that, if we are not jealous in the maintenance of our liberties, the acts of the executive will, in Eliot's words, "render us to posterity less free, less worthy than our fathers."

As in the seventeenth century, so today, we are faced with an executive whose powers have been enlarged

at the expense of the individual to meet the menace of external danger. As then, so now, the passing of that danger leaves the executive reluctant to abandon the extended powers that have been placed in its hands. In each case the measures taken to maintain its position by the central authority are so similar as to call for bitter comment. We may consider the position under five heads: (1) attempts to influence judicial decision; (2) attempts to oust the jurisdiction of the courts; (3) legislation by orders outside the control of Parliament; (4) taxation without consent; (5) arbitrary imprisonment.

I. ATTEMPTS TO INFLUENCE JUDICIAL DECISION

Since the Act of Settlement, it is true, the tenure of judicial office has been rendered independent of the will of the executive. No longer may a Coke be dismissed because he will not prophesy fair things. But there are other means of influencing judicial decision, which, if less crude, are not necessarily less productive of result. Thus, in the year 1636, the King and his advisers, having experienced some resistance to the demands for ship-money which they had made in the previous year, determined as far as possible to safeguard themselves in advance against any attempt to contest the legality of the levy. They therefore required the judges to state in advance their opinion upon this question; and, armed with an affirmative answer, proceeded with their policy. The vice of such a practice is sufficiently obvious. The judges, forced to express their opinion of a legal point upon a hypothetical case, find their hands tied and their impartiality discounted when an actual litigant subsequently seeks their aid; and the executive presents the unhappy subject with a *fait accompli*. For this reason it has always been the doctrine of the developed common law that a judge will not give his decision on a hypothetical point, a doctrine asserted as early as the days of Coke and repeated in a series of judicial declarations until the present time.

In the course of last year, however, a determined attempt was made by the executive to depart from this salutary principle and to return to the precedent of the Stuarts. In the Rating and Valuation Bill introduced by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons in April

last, a clause was included proposing, in effect, that in certain circumstances the Minister of Health might submit doubtful points of law to the High Court for its opinion and that the High Court must forthwith declare its opinion on these points. In other words, the judges were to act at the bidding of the executive as its official advisers and were to be obliged, contrary to long-established doctrine, to give their opinion upon general questions and hypothetical cases. It was only the determined opposition of the judges themselves, as represented by their spokesmen in the House of Lords, which induced the Government reluctantly to withdraw the clause. In his speech announcing this withdrawal, Lord Hailsham admitted that the independence of the judges was "the palladium of the liberty of the subject"; and it is only to be regretted that he and his colleagues did not observe at an earlier date that it was they themselves who were threatening that liberty.

II. ATTEMPTS TO OUST THE JURISDICTION OF THE COURTS

The subordination of the judges was not the only means by which the Stuarts designed to maintain and extend the rule of the prerogative. They possessed, as a legacy from their predecessors, valuable machinery for the execution of their designs in the existence of tribunals such as the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission, separate from and independent of the ordinary courts and bound by no consideration for the ordinary rules and processes of law. In their inception, no doubt, these tribunals were by no means without justification; it was due to the Court of Star Chamber especially that the anarchy and chaos of the Wars of the Roses had been resolved and many evils punished and prevented which the Common Law was powerless to touch. But their employment in the reigns of the first two Stuarts for political ends eventually led to their destruction. Mr. Justice Stephen in his work on the Criminal Law has collected a number of instances of the monstrous punishments inflicted by these courts in the final period of their history. Thus, in 1632, Mr. Sherfield was prosecuted before the Star Chamber for breaking a window in St. Edmund's Church in Salisbury. He admitted the act and justified it on the ground that the window "was not

a true representation of the Creation," containing many inaccuracies, such as that Eve was represented as being taken whole out of Adam's side, whereas, in fact, a rib was taken and made into Eve. Mr. Sherfield was fined £500. In the same year Mr. Chambers, a London merchant, had a dispute with some Custom House officers and was summoned before the Privy Council, where he complained "that the merchants are in no part of the world so screwed and wrung as in England." For this complaint, which wears a singularly modern look, he was fined £2,000 and imprisoned for six years.

Since the abolition of these prerogative courts in 1641, the rule has been very generally laid down that the ordinary courts are the sole judges of all matters, whether between subject and subject or between a subject on the one hand and the State on the other. Thus, the whole burden of Dicey's famous work on the Law of the Constitution is the unchallengeable predominance of the Common Law. He insists almost *ad nauseam* upon the contrast offered by our own "rule of law" and the *Droit Administratif* of Continental countries. But the history of the last twenty years is an open challenge to this position. The executive is hankering after strange gods and taking the name of the Common Law in vain. Determined attempts are being made, on the one hand, to oust the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts, and on the other hand, to erect, in the shape of administrative or departmental tribunals, Star Chambers of a new and still more formidable type. For, whereas their predecessors rested upon the prerogative alone, the control exercised by the modern executive over the time and power of Parliament has enabled the new tribunals to be based upon a statutory authority which may not be challenged.

Occasionally, indeed, a Government department oversteps the mark in its enthusiasm for rule and regulation, and the courts are able to maintain their supremacy. In *Chester* v. *Bateson*, decided in 1920, the courts had to consider the effect of a regulation purporting to be made under the Defence of the Realm Act by the Minister of Munitions, by which no landlord was to exercise his ordinary right to recover possession of his own house if a munition worker was in occupation of it, without the

consent of the Minister. If a landlord was so contumacious as to seek to assert his rights in face of the Minister's disapproval, he was to be liable to fine and imprisonment. The Divisional Court were fortunately able to hold this regulation invalid as outside the scope of the parent Act, and therefore repugnant to the express provisions of Magna Carta, which (no doubt by oversight) the Minister had not been given power to repeal. But for every innovation thus checked by the operation of the Common Law, a dozen are validly founded upon the terms of some enabling statute and cannot be challenged. Thus, by the Education Act, 1921, all questions arising upon the powers of local authorities are to be referred to the Minister of Education, and his decision is to be final and conclusive; by the Housing Act, 1925, any appeal from an order made by the Ministry of Health is to be made to the Minister himself, and his decision is to be "binding and conclusive on all parties"; by the Town Planning Act, 1925, a similarly final and conclusive power of decision is vested in the same Minister in the case of appeals against the compulsory acquisition by local authorities of private land.

In other words, in these and in many similar cases, the unfortunate subject may find himself deprived of liberty or property at the bidding of a departmental official without any chance of appeal to the judges of the land. If he avails himself of the provisions for appeal contained in the Acts, his case is considered by representatives of the very department against whose procedure he is seeking a remedy. His case will be heard in private; he may not even have an opportunity of appearing to state his arguments; and the decision will be made without giving rhyme or reason. The executive, in fact, is prosecutor and judge in one. That this is not a fanciful picture of the present lot of the private citizen may be seen from a perusal of the case of the *Local Government Board* v. *Arlidge*, decided in 1915. A house-owner was ordered by a borough council to pull down his house on the ground that it was unfit for habitation. He appealed to the Local Government Board, who sent an inspector to examine the premises. The latter then reported to the Board and the appeal was promptly dismissed. The owner was given no opportunity of appearing before the

Board to state his case, he was not allowed to see the inspector's report, and he was given no reasons for the dismissal of his appeal. It is not suggested that in this or in any other case a Government department in fact exercised its powers for improper purposes. But it is obvious that the presence of such powers, autocratic and secret, is opening the door to the possibility of oppression and injustice.

III. LEGISLATION BY ORDERS OUTSIDE THE CONTROL OF PARLIAMENT

If the Stuarts were chary of invoking the jurisdiction of the Common Law Courts, they were equally loath to invite Parliament to share in the process of legislation. Their favourite device was the issue of Orders in Council, by which their subjects might be equally bound and which they could enforce by means of the prerogative courts. The scope of these orders was extensive, and many of them wear a singularly modern appearance. Thus, throughout the course of the seventeenth century the attention of the Government was directed to the protection of the internal trade of the country, and a number of safeguarding regulations were issued to achieve this object. At different times glass, paper, needles, earthenware, buttons, wire and cordage, all obtained protection against foreign competition. Other regulations were directed to the control of traffic, restricting the pace, weight, and number of carts and carriages on the highways; and others, again, met an ever-increasing housing problem by restricting the building of new houses in and about London.

The judges, however, viewed this practice with suspicion, and in the year 1611 expressed what has ever since been regarded as the correct legal opinion in the so-called Case of Proclamations. The issue may be stated in the words of Lord Coke, then Chief Justice: "On Thursday, 20 September, I was sent for to attend the Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Lord Privy Seal, and the Chancellor of the Duchy, there being present the Attorney, the Solicitor, and the Recorder; and two questions were moved to me by the Lord Treasurer; the one if the King by his proclamation may prohibit new buildings in and about London; the other if the King

may prohibit the making of starch of wheat." Lord Coke replied that he desired to consult his brother judges before expressing an opinion, and eventually they decided that "the King by his proclamation or other ways cannot change any part of the common law or statute law: also the King cannot create any offence by his prohibition or proclamation which was not an offence before, for that was to change the law; . . . but the King, for prevention of offences, may by proclamation admonish his subjects that they keep the laws and do not offend them, upon punishment to be inflicted by the law."

Modern bureaucracy could not, if it would, transgress the rule thus laid down and hallowed by three hundred years of uninterrupted observance; but it is not unfair to suggest that its obedience is rendered the more willingly in that the temptation to transgress has been removed. The executive has no longer to fear the intervention of the legislature; it can obtain all the powers that it requires by Act of Parliament. The modern practice is to provide for the general principles of legislation in the parent Act, and to leave the development and application of those principles to the department concerned. For this purpose power is given to the appropriate Minister or to the King in Council to make rules and regulations which shall have the same authority as if they had been contained in the body of the Act itself. The significance of this procedure cannot be over-estimated. The executive is, in fact, presented with the essential powers of legislation; and the extent to which it has made use of them may be seen from the following passage in a little monograph on Delegated Legislation written by Mr. C. T. Carr, the editor of the Statutory Rules and Orders. Writing in 1921 Mr. Carr says: "In mere bulk the child now dwarfs the parent. Last year, while eighty-two Acts of Parliament were placed on the Statute Book, more than ten times as many Statutory Rules and Orders of a public character were officially registered under the Rules Publication Act. The annual volume of public general statutes for 1920 occupied less than 600 pages; the two volumes of the Statutory Rules and Orders for the same period occupy about five times as many."

Every field of individual activity is covered by a network of departmental legislation, intricate,

compelling, and, be it added, incomprehensible. Mr. C. K. Allen, in his book, "Law in the Making," analysing the contents of the Statute Book for 1925, points out that, of eighty-four Acts, no less than forty-four delegate powers of legislation to various authorities, comprising such subjects as health, housing, agriculture, transport, pensions, education, land purchase, and the sale of food and drugs. The unfortunate subject, whose liberty is thus circumscribed, has no means of challenging the validity of the regulations; for, as they are given the force of law, the Courts are powerless to interfere, save in those rare cases when the department concerned has incautiously overstepped the bounds appointed to it. To add insult to injury, it is virtually impossible for him to discover the existence, let alone the contents, of these rules until he has, in fact, transgressed them; and he is then met with the maxim, *Ignorantia juris haud excusat.* The problem, indeed, calls for the immediate attention of the legislature. If, as is urged, the vast extension of the field of governmental activity renders the delegation of these powers inevitable, at least steps should be taken to ensure, on the one hand, reasonable publicity and intelligible drafting, and, on the other hand, an adequate power of appeal to the ordinary courts. The balance of convenience is by no means in favour of the executive. In the words of the late Lord Justice Farwell: "If inconvenience is a legitimate consideration at all, the convenience in the public interest is all in favour of providing a speedy and easy access to the Courts for any of His Majesty's subjects who have any real cause of complaint against the exercise of statutory powers by Government departments and Government officials, having regard to their growing tendency to claim the right to act without regard to legal principles and without appeal to any Court."

IV.—TAXATION WITHOUT CONSENT

As early as the end of the fourteenth century the necessary control over direct taxation had been conceded to Parliament. But there still remained a fruitful field for remunerative controversy within the sphere of indirect taxation of which the Stuarts were not slow to avail themselves. In Bate's case in 1606 and in the famous

case of Ship-money in 1637, the powers of the Crown in this behalf were judicially discussed. In the former case a duty of 2s. 6d. per cwt. had been imposed by Statute upon imported currants, and the King, by proclamation, had added a further tax of 5s. Bate, a Levant merchant, refused to pay this further imposition and was summoned before the Court of Exchequer. The argument for the Crown took the form, not of an assertion of the right to impose taxation, but of a denial of the fact that the duty was in the nature of taxation at all. The King, it was said, had an undoubted prerogative to regulate foreign trade, and this was the real purpose with which the extra duty had been levied. The facts of the Ship-money case are too notorious to require statement, but it is worth while to note the grounds on which the action of the Crown was justified at the Bar and upheld by the Bench. The question, it was said, was not so much one of finance as of national defence. The King was clearly entrusted with the duty of protecting his subjects and, in time of emergency, must raise such money and forces as may be necessary for the defence of the kingdom. But as the King alone is entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs, so it is he alone who can judge of the existence of such an emergency.

Both the imposition of indirect taxation and the arguments by which it was defended find a remarkable reincarnation in the case of the *Attorney-General* v. *The Wilts United Dairies*, decided in 1921. Purporting to act under the Defence of the Realm Act, by which he was empowered to make regulations for the distribution of any article for the purpose of maintaining the food supply of the country, the Food Controller, during the war, issued orders providing that, except under licence, no milk should be either purchased within the counties of Somerset, Devon, Dorset, or Cornwall, or brought outside that area for distribution. The Wiltshire Dairy Company desiring to deal in milk within that area, he granted them a licence on condition that they should agree to pay him twopence for every gallon of milk purchased. The sum thus claimed amounted to upwards of £15,000, and the Company refused to pay it. The Attorney-General argued that the charge was not imposed for the purposes of revenue but for the maintenance of

the food supply of the country and the defence of the realm. But it was held by the Court of Appeal that it amounted in fact to indirect taxation imposed by a Minister without the authority of Parliament and as such could not be recovered. In the words of Lord Atkin's judgment: "In view of the historic struggle of the legislature to secure for itself the sole power to levy money upon the subject, its complete success in that struggle, the elaborate means adopted by the representative House to control the amount, the conditions and the purposes of the levy, the circumstances would be remarkable, indeed, which would induce the Court to believe that the legislature had sacrificed all the well-known checks and precautions, and, not in express words, but merely by implication, had entrusted a Minister of the Crown with undefined and unlimited powers of imposing charges upon the subject for purposes connected with his Department."

V.—ARBITRARY IMPRISONMENT

Finally, it is to be observed that there is even a parallel to be found in our own day to the powers of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment claimed by Charles I and brought before the notice of the Courts in such cases as that of Sir John Eliot and the Five Knights. This is the case of the *Home Secretary* v. *O'Brien*, decided by the House of Lords in 1923. The Home Secretary, purporting to act under a Defence of the Realm regulation applicable in Ireland, arrested the respondent, Mr. O'Brien, and had him deported to Dublin and there interned under the authority of the Government of the Irish Free State. Mr. O'Brien's friends applied for the constitutional remedy of habeas corpus, which was granted by the Court of Appeal. The ordinary rule in such cases, devised for the better protection of the liberty of the subject, is that, while, if the application for a writ of habeas corpus is refused, the subject can appeal, no such right is given to the Crown, supposing the writ to be granted. The Attorney-General in the present case argued that this rule did not apply, because the action of the Home Secretary (admittedly illegal) in deporting Mr. O'Brien from the country had made it impossible for him to obey the order of the Court and release the

prisoner. This ingenuous answer cannot receive better treatment than it secured at the hands of Lord Birkenhead. His lordship, in the course of his judgment, said: "Had the Home Secretary contented himself with one act of illegality—namely, the forcible internment within this country of the respondent—it is admitted that discharge would have been automatic, and consequently that there could have been no appeal. But inasmuch (such is the argument) as the Home Secretary has added a second illegality to the first—namely, by forcibly handing over the respondent to the Government of the Irish Free State—he has thereby disabled the Court of Appeal from effectively ordering his discharge, so that the respondent, because there were two illegalities instead of one, is deprived of his ancient constitutional privilege. The argument, my lords, is one of the most remarkable which I have either heard or read from the lips of the executive in attempting to pronounce upon the liberty of the subject. A dog is still limited to a single bite. The Home Secretary, more happily provided for, can obtain an appeal, otherwise denied him, by two."

The instances thus given do not pretend to be exhaustive. But they are sufficient at least to warrant the assertion that the parallel between the constitutional problems of the seventeenth and of the twentieth centuries is closer than is good for the liberty of the individual subject. For the power of the single monarch has been substituted the far more formidable strength of the modern bureaucracy; and it is only too unhappily true that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." Indeed, the one important difference is by no means to be welcomed. Whereas in the seventeenth century the Crown exploited its powers on the strength of its own prerogative and in the teeth of an angry Parliament, today the Government Departments can be tolerably sure of obtaining the acquiescence, if not the connivance, of a subservient legislature to assist them in their designs. The balance of powers in the modern state has been impaired; and the sole remaining check upon the encroachment of the executive—the controlling authority of the Courts—is being reduced by each new statute that withdraws cases from the ambit of their jurisdiction.

The possible remedies would appear to be threefold. The first essential is to curb the inveterate appetite of the Departments for interference. Legislature and executive alike must realize that law is not synonymous with morality; that, as has been said, "you cannot make a people good by Act of Parliament"; and that any attempt to impose upon the community as a whole the standards or tastes of an individual is not only foredoomed to failure, but inevitably brings in its train a lessening of respect for the legitimate operation of the laws and for the proper maintenance of order and the administration of justice. It is this attempt, indeed, that is the root cause of that loss of confidence in the police which is the subject of the present anxiety. This remedy must operate from without. The executive will not relax its grip upon the time and mind of the legislature until it is made to feel the full force of public opinion.

The other remedies, however, are capable of immediate application. On the one hand, steps must be taken to ensure the adequate control of the Houses of Parliament over all regulations issued by any Government Department under the authority of a statute. A standing committee might well be appointed to consider and approve each regulation before it is promulgated and to ensure that sufficient publicity is given to those of which it approves. On the other hand—and this is of even more importance—the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts must in every case be preserved. Arguments based upon the technical nature of a regulation or upon the necessity of ministerial discretion must not be considered sufficient to oust the right of appeal to the judges. The Common Law has for long been familiar with the problem of reconciling the two requirements of individual discretion and impartial justice, and its judges are quite capable of passing adequate judgment upon a ministerial order without impairing the degree of independence necessary to administer a complicated scheme of regulation. Whatever remedy be ultimately adopted, of one thing there can be no doubt. In the words of Eliot, with which this paper opened, "unless these rights, these privileges, which made our fathers freemen be not the more carefully preserved, they will render us to posterity less free, less worthy than our fathers."

The Fascist State

By Lord Sydenham of Combe, G.C.S.I., F.R.S.

THE rapid growth of distrust in the principles and methods of democracy marks one of the outstanding intellectual processes of the present century. We still, from force of habit or to prove ourselves broad-minded, make frequent use of the adjective "democratic," applying it in incongruous fashion; but the older apostles of democracy as a political system have become hopelessly discredited. Speaking of the effect of imported theories upon "educated Indians," Lord Morley recalled with almost religious fervour—

> the great teachers and masters of this country—Milton, Burke, Macaulay, Mill, Spencer.

And he went on to declare effusively:

> Surely it is a mistake in us not to realize that those masters should have mighty force and irresistible influence. . . . Who of us that has had the privilege in the days of our youth, at college or at home, of turning over those golden chapters, and seeing that lustrous firmament dawn over our youthful imaginations; who of us can forget, shall I call it, the intoxication and rapture with which we strove to make friends with truth, knowledge, beauty, freedom? *

We have come to view the message of these "great teachers and masters" in the harsh light that comes from experience. Their "golden chapters" no longer fill us with "rapture"; nor do we now readily associate democracy with a rule of "truth, knowledge, beauty, freedom." Not one of the prophets on Lord Morley's list showed the amazing prescience of Rousseau, popularly regarded as a co-author of a sanguinary revolution, though he recorded his belief that "Liberty would be dearly bought with the blood of one French citizen."! This would-be regenerator of humanity, who held with Mr. Lansbury that civilization had begun at the wrong end and must be reconstructed root and branch, having

* Speech at Arbroath, October 21, 1927.

no doubts as to the limits within which democracy might be practicable, rightly maintained that

Sil y avoit un peuple de dieux, il se gouvernoit démocratiquement. Un gouvernement si parfait ne convient pas à des hommes.*

Previously, however, he had laid down that

Gouvernement démocratique convient aux petits états, l'aristocratique aux médiocres, et le monarchique aux grands. Cette règle se tire immédiatement du principe.†

This "rule" suggests some interesting speculations into which I may not enter.

In one respect, Lord Morley was perfectly right. His "great teachers," whose doctrines are taught without qualification in Indian universities, do exercise "mighty force" upon a little minority, mainly Hindu and largely Brahman, in which the catch-phrases of democracy have induced mental "intoxication." It is pathetic to note that the Indian makers of constitutions today cannot evolve a single original idea, and are helplessly reduced to copying our particular form of democracy, the product of a long evolution, which is becoming more and more obviously unworkable, although it rests on foundations which have no existence in India.‡

In this old country, as Mr. Harold Cox has explained, democracy has led to grave abuses which Lord Morley's "great masters" could not have contemplated. Within the Mother of Parliaments, we see "corrupt bargains between different groups," infinitely injurious to national interests.

The House of Commons has become little more than a place in which the representatives of different parties fight with one another to secure office . . . instead of an assembly devoting itself to the

* "Du Contrat Social: De la démocratie," Livre III, Chap. IV.

† *Ibid.* Chap. III.

‡ After five years' experience of the Montagu Reforms Mr. A. K. Fazul-ul-Huq, a "minister" in the Bengal Government, felt constrained to state that these well-meant efforts were all "a great mistake. Representative institutions have been thrust upon India, although there can be no doubt that representative institutions, as they are known in the West, are utterly unsuited to Indian conditions." This is an absolute truth; but Mr. Huq's contention was that Indian politicians should be left free to settle their own constitution, although they have never been able to produce anything redolent of Eastern soil, or consonant with Eastern traditions.

careful consideration of problems of national government, we have an assembly composed of individuals engaged in a constant struggle for their own separate advancement, etc. etc.*

Incidentally, by means of a "corrupt bargain," we became

the only country in this world that has no effective Second Chamber. . . . This is an outrage on constitutional liberty.

Mr. Cox suggests palliatives for the evils he describes; but they and more are inherent in unlimited democracy, and as Rousseau's "*peuple de dieux*" have not arrived, all countries which have sat at the feet of the "great masters" are similarly—or worse—afflicted. The most cursory survey of political conditions, wherever democracy is supposed to reign, reveals growing instability tending toward chaos, or determined attempts to get clear of or to circumvent the fallacies of democracy.

Of this recoil from a gigantic delusion, which by the dwindling band of orthodox believers is regarded as stark "reaction," Italy is the foremost and the most successful example.

The first year-book published by the "International Centre of Fascist Studies,"† provides a much-needed survey of the genesis, structure and aims of the Fascist State, which should be read by all who realize that the orderly progress of civilization is at stake, and that, whatever may be the psychological differences between the British and the Latin races, we can all learn from this heroic effort to find a national solution of patent existing evils.

The book comprises fifteen essays by different writers able to deal authoritatively with Fascism from philosophical, historical and structural points of view. Mr. H. de Vries de Heekelingen, the President of the Council, in an interesting preface and introduction, sets forth the basic principles of the new order in Italy. He holds that the Renaissance led to the violation of two immutable laws which had previously governed the relations of the man and the State.

* The Decay of Parliament, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, January 1929.

† "A Survey of Fascism." Benn. 7s. 6d.

Humanism assumed two successive forms, first Christian, then Pagan. Unfortunately it was the latter which finally gained the upper hand.

The French Revolution, by proclaiming the equality of man and ignoring

the need of intermediary organizations between the individual and the State, brought about a complete pulverization of society. Man, the individual, became the centre of the universe.*

Thus arose the theory of democracy, based upon individual and universal suffrage, which Fascism rejects "root and branch," being opposed equally to

the class government of the *ancien régime* and to the present menace of a "dictatorship of the proletariat."

The sections entitled "The Birth and Establishment of Fascism," and "The Civil Strife, 1919–1922," by Signori G. Volpi and L. Villari respectively, taken together, give a lucid account of the rapid spread of the new ideas and of the dangerous conditions over which they were to triumph. Never before was a drastic revolution accomplished with so little loss of life and with so prompt an establishment of order which had been shaken to its foundations. From November 1918 to November 1920, monster strikes were leading to general anarchy, which various elements united in promoting. The Socialist Party acted with the C.G.L.,† and were reinforced by the Bolshevist movement, then, as now, aiming at world revolution. Secret societies lent a hand, and even "the Catholic *Partito Popolare*," organized by a Sicilian priest but penetrated by extremists, proved an ally of the wreckers. Signor Nitti, anxious to please the Socialists in view of the coming general election, did nothing, and proportional representation, which he had introduced, gave 156 seats to the Socialists and 101 to the *popolari*—their first Parliamentary success. The Socialists had not an absolute majority, but they contained a number of Red deputies, and they "considered themselves the masters of the situation," being convinced that later they would sweep the country. From this

* This naturally led to what Professor Irving Babbitt aptly calls 'the inordinate self-confidence of the modern man," of which we see pitiable examples.

† "Confederazione Generale del Lavoro."

election onwards disorders increased. The Civil Servants struck in January 1920. The railways were reduced to anarchy. Active attempts were made to corrupt the troops. Factories were occupied.

> Red guards were formed, usually out of the criminal classes, and revolutionary tribunals were set up.

Bologna was ruled by a Communist, and murders were frequent. "A phase of systematic outrages," organized by Communists, followed that of mass strikes arranged by Socialists, and the Government was powerless.

But Italy in her hour of peril found a man to whom the best of her people rallied, finding in him the personification of the qualities which had made their country great in the past. The story of the gradual growth of the ranks of the Fascists, rallying to themselves the friends of order, at first in scattered units often composed of young men and finally gathered into a victorious national movement, is one of extraordinary interest. Only a great people could have combined to save Italy when democracy had brought her to the abyss. Only a man of genius, inspired by a profound belief in the future of his country, and fully conscious of her dire needs, could have won the unbounded trust which regeneration demanded. The march on Rome in October 1922 made Mussolini a dictator, and the foundations of the Fascist State could be well and truly laid.

The sections entitled "The Reform of the State," by Major J. S. Barnes, and "The Reform of Parliament," by Signor H. O. Olivetti, clearly explain the principles on which the Fascist structure is being reared. Democracy has created the anomaly that while Parliaments are always seeking to dominate the Executive, or by party intrigues to overthrow it, the Executive has gained in power so long as it can maintain itself, because popularly elected assemblies are hopelessly incompetent to deal with the ever-increasing amount of public business. Fascism, aiming at

> a strong State based upon responsibility, hierarchy, and discipline,

has determined to adjust the separate functions of the Executive and the Legislature.

The Prime Minister is to be the "veritable chief" of his Cabinet as, when a strong man, he usually becomes; but he is made responsible to the King as the representative of the nation and not to Parliament.

No motion in either House may be proposed without his consent, and if a Bill be rejected by one House, it may be re-presented after a term of three months and be voted upon again by secret ballot. A Bill rejected by one House may be immediately introduced into the other, and, if passed, reintroduced into the first after three months, there to be voted upon by secret ballot.

It is claimed that Parliament retains adequate power "to criticize the administration" and to maintain its "paramount legislative functions."

The departmental budgets have all to be submitted regularly to both Houses, where ample opportunity is afforded for criticism. Both Houses retain the full right to reject these budgets, and to reject any proposed legislation by the Government.

These provisions dispose of some popular illusions in regard to the Fascist State; but organized obstruction is evidently made impossible, and as parties in our sense have ceased to exist, debates cannot take the form of captious criticism directed to party advantage.

The Executive is, however, invested, subject to limitations, with the power of issuing "Royal decrees," which have the force of law, after consultation with the Council of State, "an independent legal body" analogous to the Judicial Committee of our Privy Council.

Such in brief outline are the main drastic changes in the relations between the Executive and the Legislature, which must shock the dwindling band of convinced Liberal democrats; but there is worse to follow. The sacred principle of one man, or one woman, one vote in an electoral area in which a minority of political voters may decide an election, thus falsifying the fundamental theory of democracy, has been flung to the winds.

Fascism does not concern itself only with methods of government. It seeks by heroic measures to construct a "corporate State" on lines which might be described as universal syndicalism. The electoral laws were devised by a Royal Commission of eighteen "experts," discussed for some time in the Press, reviewed by the Fascist

Grand Council, adopted by the Cabinet, and accepted by the Chambers. I can give only a bare idea of the exceedingly complex system which will come into operation this spring. All national activities are divided into thirteen "national confederations and federations of legally recognized trade unions," fulfilling certain conditions, recognized by Royal decree, and supervised by a "Minister of Corporations." To each of these corporate bodies is assigned a proportion of representatives, a high proportion (twelve) being allotted to the "National Confederation of Agriculture" and to the "National Federation of Agricultural Employees and Labourers." Each Corporation nominates twice its quota, from which the Fascist Grand Council selects the final list to be submitted to the electors, who vote upon it as a whole "Yes" or "No." The "Court of Appeal" in Rome is "the central electoral office," and if "half the number of valid votes plus one" is cast for the list, this Court declares the candidates duly elected. If otherwise, the Court orders another election with "competitive lists." It is noteworthy that, in framing its list, the Fascist Grand Council can include

> extra names of persons of undisputed pre-eminence in science, letters, arts, and politics,

who may have been excluded by the Corporations. The representative Chamber is to number 400—a considerable reduction—and it is claimed that the State will become

> the expression of all the vital forces of the nation, rendered compact and united—in effect one vast co-operative society or corporation, with a single purpose which admits of no deviation. (Signor Olivetti.)

All will, therefore, depend upon whether the thirteen Corporations, juridically recognized, can weld themselves into harmonious entities working for "a single purpose." It is realized that modifications may be necessitated by experience; but the basic principles are essential features of the Fascist State.

One other drastic change remains to be noticed. The growing chaos in India is largely due to a Press which has been allowed to pass out of control. Fascism perfectly recognizes this danger, and the measures it has taken explain the hostility which it encounters in the

newspapers of other countries. In the first place, journalism becomes a recognized profession, and all who follow it must be registered in three categories, furnishing certificates of Italian citizenship and of "moral and political probity" among others. Considering that a journalist may do, and often does, infinitely more harm than an unregistered medical practitioner, who shall say that this is an unreasonable safeguard of the State? The contention of Fascism is that "powerful financial organizations command the services of hundreds and hundreds of newspapers," with the result of placing individuals in a privileged position for serving their own purposes and interests which may not coincide with those of the State. This special form of privilege has ended in Italy, where Cavour insisted long ago that "liberty and responsibility are two things which it is impossible to separate." In unlimited democracies, "liberty" has lost its bearings and drifted into licence on the one hand and ever-increasing restrictions on the other. In Italy, "special Press privileges" have been withdrawn, and offences against public morality, or "libellous abuse," are dealt with either in "the Penal Code or the Law of Public Safety." What are called political offences have been transferred from the Assize Courts to be dealt with by "the trained discrimination of the Magistrature," and not by juries liable to be swayed by the meretricious arts of the advocate. Moreover, summary powers are vested in the Prefects to deal with any publication which,

(1) by tendencious or false news, is a cause of embarrassment to the diplomatic action of the Government, or damages the national credit either at home or abroad;

(2) by means of articles, comments, headlines, illustrations or cartoons, mitigates crimes, excites class-hatred, advocates disobedience of the law, compromises the discipline of public servants, promotes the interests of foreign States, associations, or individuals at the expense of Italian interests, abuses the Fatherland, the Royal Family, the Pope, the religion of the State, the constitutional institutions and authority of the State and friendly Powers.

This seems a fairly exhaustive catalogue of offences which have become a pastime in many countries, but which Fascism is determined to suppress, and again who shall say that the State does not need protection in this form?

It has been possible to give only a bird's-eye view of the salient features of Fascism, in the hope that readers may be drawn towards the study of the means by which, just in time, Italy saved herself from disaster. Fascism is still regarded in some quarters as a dictatorship enforced by the administration of castor oil. It is in actual fact the greatest step in national reconstruction ever known, and one that could have been taken and can be made successful only by a great nation with high traditions and a strong sense of patriotism to which a great leader could appeal. The early Fascists, who dared greatly, might have said with Brutus:

> What is it that you would impart to me?
> If it be aught toward the general good,
> Set honour in one eye and death in the other,
> And I will look on both indifferently.

The dictatorship was as necessary to the salvation of Italy in 1922 as in 218 B.C., when, after being routed by Hannibal at Lake Trasimene, the ancient Romans sent for Fabius Maximus; but the Fascist State is not an autocracy. The powers wielded by Mussolini will continue to be greater than those which pseudo-democracy entrusts to the President of a South American State; but his object seems to be to bequeath to Italy a true aristocracy of high character, intellect, learning, proved experience, and, above all, of unsullied patriotism drawn from all classes. The functions assigned to the Fascist Grand Council, grafted into the constitution and itself recruited by different methods from the élite of the Fascist State, are intended to maintain continuity of its basic principles. The Government of a modern State having become a business of extreme difficulty and increasing complexity, Fascism considers that the first object of a constitution is to secure the services of the best men available, and it believes that this object has been attained. Whatever form it may take, "The throne is established by righteousness"*; otherwise it will fall.

It is easy to suggest flaws in the Fascist constitution, which will not work precisely as intended, but can be amended in detail without difficulty as experience may

* "Proverbs" xvi, 12.

dictate. The American Constitution, which has been claimed as the finest work of its kind ever accomplished, has diverged far from the purpose of its founders, who would not recognize in a Presidential election their method of selecting the fittest citizen. We are confidently assured that British people would "never tolerate" what Italians have accepted with enthusiasm as a necessary release from the perils of unlimited democracy. This no man can tell until we too have been brought to realize those perils—as may happen.

Meanwhile, there is much that the wisest of us may learn from Italy. Fascism has recognized some principles, which, being fundamental, may emerge from the political welter in which many countries are already involved. To have dispensed with the wholesale corruptions inherent in party systems, disestablished and disendowed the careerist politician, freed a nation from the degrading and economically disturbing gamble of frequently recurring general elections, and made possible progressive reforms held up by cumbrous and clogged machinery—these are fine achievements. At least, the Simon Commission, if it is able to forget the catchphrases of democracy and to lift itself out of the rut of conventional policy in order to give peace and stability to distracted India, could not do better than make a conscientious study of the Fascist State.

The Soviets and China

By Mencius Junior

[*This article has especial value as the work of an extremely well-informed Chinese, living in China, and presenting the educated and patriotic point of view.*]

RUSSIAN influence, despite the foreign news agencies, did not die when, in 1927, the Nationalists, to deceive the world and to steal the thunder from Chang-Tso Lin's political campaign, suddenly announced their determination to dispense with Messrs. Eugene Chen, Borodin and Co., and to adopt Dr. Sun's so-called Three Principles in place of the Russian creed. Whoever inaugurated the policy (whether, as I believe, it was the Russians themselves in Moscow or, as the world's Press believed at the time, the idea came from the Chinese mercantile and banking classes) probably did so with the idea of adopting a purely Chinese form of Communism rather than the Russian form. The manner of operating was practically identical, as the family of Dr. Sun, who seized the reins of power, together with a very select inner circle, had no more idea of allowing the people political freedom than had the small directing coterie in Russia.

When, in 1922, Dr. Sun tried to persuade me to join forces with him, and when, later on, he tried to use me to settle with Sir Reginald Stubbs and the Hong Kong Government that his "government" was the only just and legal government of China and himself the only legal president, I saw Sir Reginald, not with any idea that the Hong Kong Government would be so ill-advised as to regard Canton as the Government of China, but because Dr. Sun had it in his mind at that time to interest Britain and America in the formation of an International Commission, to give to China a kind of Dawes Plan whereby, under sympathetic foreign guidance, she might be allowed to work out her own salvation unhindered by the territorial aspiration of her near neighbours. It seemed to me that, if the Colonial Office knew of what was in Dr. Sun's mind, some good might come of it.

As a matter of history, within six months of that time

the Russians had promised Dr. Sun the moon of freedom from all international treaties and obligations, and the Canton Government was pledged up to its neck to accept the aspirations of Moscow, with Borodin at Canton to see that the terms of the agreement were carried out. I am not conversant with what actually occurred, but seeing that an English house was asked to provide arms and ammunition, that Donaldson was especially invited to go to Canton, and that at least one American firm of my acquaintance was also asked to tender for munitions, and refused, the inference is that Russia alone offered to supply munitions and material on terms acceptable to Canton, together with Russian advisers, and I think it is proven by the subsequent events that payment was to be made, not in terms of money, but in terms of acquiescence to the Soviet ideas of government.

Briefly: the Russians promised Dr. Sun that if he adhered to their advice, given by three men especially sent from Moscow for that purpose (none of whom ever showed in the limelight of publicity), the Powers could be bludgeoned into relinquishing all their interests and rights in China, Japan could be revolutionized from within, and a "people's party" put in power which, under their Russian mentors, would be sympathetic to the Chinese proletariat, and lastly, that if their advice and munitions were accepted and the Canton military movement put under their supervision, the war could be successfully carried out against the North. When all these things were done, Russia, joining hands with China, could dictate to the other Powers a Pan-Asian policy.

I have notes on this matter furnished me by a strange variety of persons in various camps, also notes of my conversations with Dr. Sun in Canton during September 1922. I may refer to the significant saying at that time of young C. C. Wu, the son of Wu Ting-Fang, that "one day, not too far distant, we will take over Hong Kong for ourselves," which shows that Russia, through Trotsky, and not through the Third International (as the Press reported at the time), was directly concerned in the movement against all the foreign Powers working in China.

In April 1923 Mr. Li-Sum Ling visited me and told

me that President Sun would be back in Canton by September, and that when he did go back, the northern expedition to take Hankow as a first move would be organized the following year. But Chang-Tso Lin being in my opinion in too strong a position, with his new arsenal in Mukden nearing completion, to be endangered by anything the rag-and-bobtailed "army" was capable of doing, I advised Li first to make peace between Wu Pei-Fu and Canton, or at least to try to make the movement appear as if it were a national one rather than the individual effort of one province against another, as my Peking friends were warning me that such public opinion as there was, was much against the continuance of party warfare.

In August 1923 I visited Mukden and saw my friends of the Mukden Government. They knew all about the Russian propagandist penetration at Canton and in the larger industrial centres of China. I believe that Marshal Chang-Tso Lin was not troubling very much about it, but rather hoping that it would tend to weaken opposition to him in various ways. I stayed with General Frank Sutton and his partner, the Greek, who had the unpronounceable name and was called "Andy" in consequence. No one in Mukden, outside of the Chinese intelligence department, had much information about the steady Russian pressure then being applied along the whole length of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the Inner Mongolian frontier.

We stayed off at Loyang coming back; saw the horrible condition to which Wu Pei-Fu's misruling had brought that town and province, bandits having only two days before our visit robbed a *hsien*, eighteen miles away, of all its wealthy inhabitants, killing seven, torturing twenty-three and carrying the remainder off for ransom; and were quite convinced by the time we left Chengchow that the tales we had heard of Russian propaganda in Shensi and Honan were true in fact, if not as universal as our informants wished us to believe. On my return I found a letter from Mr. Li-Sum Ling, stating definitely that Dr. Sun had found a way out of all his trouble, and that the northern expedition would now proceed, as they had in Canton the very finest of

military instructors and promise of support in munitions and material.

In 1924 I was in Mongolia and had an opportunity of seeing the completeness of the Russian penetration even into Inner Mongolia. The very scanty notices in the Chinese and foreign Press conveyed no adequate idea of the vastness of the movement. From information received from Chita, Urga, Kansu, and Shensi on the one side, and from Mukden, Harbin, and Canton on the other, I considered that there could not be less than twenty thousand Chinese-speaking Soviet agents in China by the beginning of 1925, and probably many more, but as they lived as Chinese in the interior, and seldom showed themselves, precise calculation was impossible.

The action in Shanghai after the riot of May 1925 was the first movement in the organized campaign of terrorism which had for its object the breaking down of British influence in Asia. Two days after it happened the American subsidized college of Yenching, without waiting for any adequate or impartial report on the matter, issued through its American principal a fiery denunciation of the British and all their ways, and from this first spark the student bodies throughout China joined wholeheartedly in the campaign to vilify the British, carefully tutored by the Russian Minister and his secretaries in Peking, and the Russian Consulate officials in the provinces.

My own Chinese friends hoped that Great Britain would do something to combat the situation, but feared that her political situation in Europe might prevent her from taking positive action.

Mr. Holyoak, my old friend in Hong Kong, who for many years had been a member of council in the colony, wrote to say that he thought Great Britain could not, in the face of her political and economic commitments in Europe and America, take any forward movement in China, expressing the conviction that, whatever happened, the foreigners here would have to face the storm without much aid from Europe.

During the summer of 1925 the anti-North expedition finally matured, and toward the end of the year its vanguards approached Hankow on the Yangtze, preceded

by multitudes of plain-clothes propagandists, who clearly enunciated for all the world to hear what they proposed to do to the hated British when they took Hankow. It is on record that the Hankow British community asked Great Britain for help to meet the menace; but when they were abandoned to their fate and to the tender mercies of Mr. Eugene Chen and his Russian friends, the surrender of the British concession was a foregone conclusion, and astonished no one, although a force of under three hundred men was ample to hold the Japanese concession against the ragged "army" of General Cheng Kai-Shek.

After Hankow, China was deluged with propaganda, in the main addressed to the Chinese, to show them the ease with which British property could be confiscated and British people assaulted, but also directed to the world at large by the Russians, to prove that China was proceeding to follow Mongolia and the other Asiatic States into the Soviet fold. The Nanking affair seemed to prove that Britain had neither the courage nor the resources at her command to enable her to protect either her flag, her people, or her property. Strange as it may seem, this was the chief determining cause of the failure of the Soviet in China, coupled with the incautious actions and speeches made by Mr. Eugene Chen, Dr. C. T. Wang, Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, and young Dr. C. C. Wu. The conservative elements in China, including the banking, commercial and elder statesmen, had expected that the Foreign Powers would eventually make some concerted move to protect China from the Soviet. But when it became apparent that Britain proposed to abandon her claims rather than uphold them, fear seized their minds, and at long last the leaders were made to understand that China was not a province of Russia, and that it would be better to have the Foreign Powers to deal with one by one than to have the Russians calmly walking in and taking possession.

So far as the foreign Press was concerned, Russian influence appeared to die in China from that moment, but this was, unfortunately, far from being the case. The leaders, including Messrs. Borodin, Chen, and others were sent for by Moscow, and there a secret campaign

was hatched for the promotion of Russia's ends by new means. It was laid down as a first principle that before Russia could extend the hand of help wholly to China, her own politicians must rid the country of foreign interests, and particularly of a foreign control over the revenues. Meanwhile Russian agents throughout the country worked upon the more excitable elements of the foreign educated students to attain their object. In Manchuria they made little headway for the reason that Chang Tso-Lin was under no delusion as to the sort of "help" that Russian statesmen had in mind to give to China, and partly also because Japan made it increasingly clear that her interests in Manchuria were such as would not permit her to sit down and watch the country being wrecked by the class wars of the Russian-cum-Canton minority. Yen Shi-Shan in Shansi managed also to hold his own, and the Governor of Sinkiang to prevent the Russians from getting their way; but apart from these territories, all China was reduced to a chaotic condition, seething with propaganda, the people robbed by the various armies, exposed to every kind of illegal extortion and cruelty.

From the Russian viewpoint, the worse the chaos, the easier the ultimate attainment of their objective; for whilst China under the Nationalists might be but a pawn, yet China free from foreign interference was a prize of the highest value, worth some effort to attain.

Russia's object was to get some General of good promise in the Chinese ranks, educate him in their ways, provision and munition him sufficiently for the purpose, and use him *sub rosa* to attain their end. Feng Yu-Hsiang, having acted the traitor to Li Yung-Hung, Wu-Pei Fu, and Chang Tso-Lin in turn, and having shown a fine disregard in Shensi for every one but himself, was finally selected as the last hope, early in 1927; but in order to prevent mistakes, and to protect themselves from any repetition of the Canton *débacle*, the Russians made it one of their conditions that Feng's wife and children should remain in Moscow as hostages for the munitions, direction, and funds which Russia now began to expend on him with an open hand.

After December 1926, Feng began to tell the world,

through any news agencies that he could get to quote him, of his entire change of heart towards Communism, and of his adherence to the theories of life and doctrine enunciated by Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Thereafter, whilst still professing nothing but goodwill towards foreigners and especially Protestant missionaries, he and his agents began confiscating mission property wherever found and expropriating for his benefit foreign goods of all sorts, whenever the nationality of their owners made it safe to do so. Thus it came about that whilst Japanese owners of cargo in the interior lost little, British owners lost much, and whilst Chinese engaged with Japanese firms found themselves more or less protected, those working in the interests of British houses found life untenable.

The American missionary body *plus* a few American publicists were ardent admirers of Feng, whose "Christianity" they eulogized on every occasion, the sack of the missions notwithstanding. Certain Americans went so far as to have venal financial relations with the Soviet, as was proved when Chang Tso-Lin raided the Soviet Legation in Peking. It is only fair to say that these were "Morons" of a low type, who probably could not make a livelihood in China except by illegal means. But the effect was unfortunate, as many Americans, including Senator Borah and others, were led to take action in U.S.A. as the result of the information furnished them from these sources.

It became evident to the writer when he was on the Shansi-Chihli frontier in September 1927, that Chang Tso-Lin's tenure of office in Peking was approaching its end. Feng had then already succeeded in allaying Yen Shi-Shan's fears and induced him to join the South. All the border from thirty miles west of Peking was in the hands of plain-clothes agents and officers, pistol-men, and propagandists. With extraordinary rapidity and practically no opposition, they made their way not only through the front lines into Peking and Tientsin, but also into Mukden and Harbin, thus threatening Chang Tso-Lin in his eastern homelands, and making it imperative for him to fall back on the defensive and to save Manchuria from the Red Peril.

Chiang Kai-Shek, though much in the limelight, was merely a dummy and remains so to this day, a bright light put in the forefront to detract the diplomatic moths from the real issue. His impotence was shown at Tsinanfu, where, knowing full well that the Japanese proposed to hold their possessions, he invited disaster by granting his Hunanese troops (the most turbulent amongst an army of disorderly elements) three days' leave to sack the city before they resumed their march on Peking.

His military inefficiency was displayed to the world and his " face " impaired in China, when less than three thousand Japanese troops, poorly equipped and three thousand miles from their base, were able to kill some three thousand Chinese " troops," capture and disarm more than fifteen hundred others, and lose only some two hundred men in the process.

The assassination of Chang Tso-Lin and the Governor of Sinkiang, together with the reign of terror in Shantung, Honan, Chihli and the far west, are merely incidents in the campaign of hate. Yen Shi-Shan would also have been murdered had he persisted in standing out against the " Nationalist " cause; it is dangerous for any leader to refuse to join in the campaign against foreign rights and interests in China. Throughout its whole course, the rôle of the Chinese has been only to furnish the necessary figureheads and the essential bands of armed men required to terrorize the captured territories. This is best shown by the fact that, far from relieving the people of the tremendous taxation imposed by Chang Tso-Lin and his generals for the maintenance of their forces, the Nationalists, true to Chinese political form, whilst abolishing all illegal taxes by proclamation, immediately reintroduced them after putting their own people in office. Over 70,000 unpaid employees of Government departments were thus left to face starvation as best they might. At the same time the Peking-Tientsin and Paotingfu Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Associations and others were compelled to pay for the upkeep of the immense armies maintained by the Nationalists in the north, recruiting for which recommenced merrily before the ink was dry upon their promise to disband superfluous troops.

Meantime Feng-Yu Hsiang's armies lying around Tientsin and Peking, far beyond the territory assigned to him by the Hsüchowfu conference of March 1928, constitute a menace both to Yen, who has been nominated by Nanking to control the late metropolitan districts, and also indirectly to Chiang Kai-Shek himself.

With his henchman, Dr. C. T. Wang, in control of foreign policy at Nanking and other of his nominees controlling other posts; with an army that, compared to the other Chinese armies, may be said to be almost loyal to their chief; with a reputation of always rewarding his friends when the fight is over, and with Russian money behind him, Feng constitutes at this time the only outstanding factor in Chinese politics. Should Russian propaganda be successful in Japan and a "people's party" come into power within a reasonable period, as both Chinese and Russians hope, it will rest with Feng alone to say what China's policy shall or shall not be. Then the Cantonese faction, who constitute the only opposition to him worth mentioning, will have to decide with General Chiang Kai-Shek, and perhaps General Yen Shi-Shan, whether the issue is worth fighting for or no. Where the capital shall or shall not be is a question that does not rest with the Nanking civilians, or indeed with their military friends, but with Feng Yu-Hsiang alone. With that redoubtable and wily warrior rests also the question whether Russia shall or shall not control his actions after he has received from them everything necessary to promote his own ends. Judging by his past, the Russians are likely to be as badly left as were Chang Fo-Lin and Wu Pei-Fu. Just as Germany was deceived by the world political position in 1914, so, it would seem, Russia has been deceived as regards Asiatic politics. In 1922, and much later, the Soviet rulers banked on the hope that the very heavily taxed Japanese working classes could be revolutionized within a reasonable period, provided only the Soviet was allowed to resume diplomatic relations with Japan. After Hankow and Nanking, Moscow was again deceived into believing that the Powers would take no definite stand in China to protect their interests, provided only that the volume of propaganda was great enough to persuade the working

classes to side with the oppressed Chinese proletariat. They have realized their mistake in these matters; they are now banking on the coming General Election in Great Britain and the recent Presidential Election in the United States; also on the fact that Feng Yu-Hsiang, the only outstanding figure in China, is entirely pledged to their ideas, whilst the insecure position of the Tanaka Cabinet makes their position at least as good as that of any other Power or group of Powers in China. Once the foreign Powers and their interests are eliminated, they hope that the road will be open through Mongolia and Manchuria, with or without the aid of Feng, and that Russian influence will come into its own this year, and make of China, Siberia, and Russia one conglomerate whole which shall be able to dictate to the world.

Meantime, the Powers, divided amongst themselves, seem to be only concerned in preventing Japan from protecting Manchuria and Shantung from the general holocaust. Throughout the whole course of the revolution, not one publicist and hardly a journal of note published in China have seemed able to penetrate through the fog of petty events into the inner councils west of the Urals, nor has any European or American statesman yet devised a Dawes Plan whereby alone China can be saved from the dominance of the latter-day Mongols.

Warsaw Today

By F. St. John Morrow

ANY person who had visited Warsaw before the war and renews his acquaintance with that city today will see much with which he is already familiar. It is true that he is no longer herded by Russian police into the great waiting-room with his fellow-travellers on his arrival, and there subjected to that intense scrutiny strangers had to undergo during the old regime. As he drives, however, from the Central Station—the Alexandrowo of evil memory, renamed by the Republic Dworzec Glówny —he will realize that the roadway is as bad as ever before he has gone a hundred yards along the Marszalkowska. Warsaw is the worst-paved city in Europe, with the single exception perhaps of Rome. If he stayed in a hotel during his previous visit, it probably was the Hôtel de l'Europe, and if so, he is likely to go there again. He will find it unchanged, except that the porch and hall have been improved. It is an old-established hostel and has played its part in the history of Poland. Kings, princes, and statesmen have stayed there. The first five victims of the massacre of 1861 were carried into it and there photographed, and copies of that gruesome picture spread broadcast. Hermani, the Jew, was murdered there.

When walking in the main streets, such as the Krakowskie Przedmiéscie or the Senatorska, he will meet the familiar figure of the Jew dressed as before in a long black coat reaching from chin to ankle, a black turban cap with a small peak, and wearing a flowing, unkempt beard. This, I am told, was the dress prescribed in olden times, and, although free to do so, the Jew has not yet discarded it. The visitor may be surprised at seeing so many of the Chosen People so far afield, but it is one of the signs of the times. To see them in numbers in pre-war days one would have had to go to the Nowiniarska market-place or the Franciszkanska in the old town, where the paintings on their shop-shutters indicate the wares sold within. There the Jews are seen in the homes from which formerly they could not go abroad without a

Russian permit, their sad, patient faces still bearing the stamp of centuries of oppression.

On the other hand, the visitor will notice a change among the pedestrians. The handsome uniforms of the Russian cavalry and infantry officers, and the more workmanlike accoutrements of the Cossacks, no longer provoke the scowls and ill-suppressed curses of the patriotic Poles. Military uniforms are not wanting, however, if less attractive. One meets scores of officers of the new Polish army, which numbers 300,000 men—far in excess of the Russian troops quartered in Poland. In 1815, after the liberation following Napoleon's downfall, the Congress of Vienna fixed the Polish army at 30,000 men of all arms. It must be admitted that the Polish officers are not as fine men physically as the Russians, nor are their khaki uniforms handsome; but I have frequently seen, and been most favourably impressed by, Polish troops on the march.

If our visitor walks down the Bednarska to the Vistula he will see that narrow gardens have been laid out under the Republic, along the river-bank where the patriot Kosmaroff used to dredge for sand with fellow-workmen, many of whom were privy to the murder of Alexander II in 1881. Crossing the Poniatowskiego Bridge, which carries the traffic of Aleja Jerozolimska into the Praga, completed in 1913, instead of the waste land he saw on his previous visit he will find a beautifully-wooded park as large as Hyde Park, with flower-beds, playing-fields, and several lakes. My hostess informed me that the entire scheme was planned and executed during the last ten years.

The history of the Praga is the history of Warsaw. After the second partition of Poland by Russia and Prussia in 1793, Kosciuszko, a worthy disciple of Pulaski and Pestal, led a gallant struggle against the oppressors, but it was crushed by Suvaroff, who reduced the Praga district to ashes and entered Warsaw after having slain 13,000 Poles and driven 2,000 more into the Vistula. In Warsaw, as in Genoa, there are countless disused palaces, and every one has its story. Two in the Krakowski Faubourg were confiscated by the Russians because a bomb which exploded in an adjoining street *might*

have been thrown from one of them. The University is housed in King Casimir's Palace, and that of the Zamoyski family is occupied by the Ministry of the Interior. The Palace Saski, at one time the residence of the Kings August II and III, is the headquarters of the General Staff, and in its magnificent colonnade the tomb of the unknown soldier is marked by perpetual fire. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs works in the Palace Bruhlowski, and that of Agriculture in the Primate's Palace. The block of flats by the Copernicus statue was the Palace Stazsic, and in the beautiful seventeenth-century Krasinski Palace the Superior Court sits in judgment. The Royal Palace or Zamek, now the official residence of the President, is unchanged, except that the roof on the east side has been retiled. Sigismund III looks down from his column in the Place Zamkowy as unmoved as sixty years ago, when a crowd of inhabitants assembled in the square to complain to the governor of tyranny. The answer they received was a deadly volley from the Russian troops. Although the crowd were unarmed, they cheered and refused to disperse, and the soldiers fired again and again, continuing the massacre in the city for three hours.

Happily there is no change in the Lazienki Palace, except that of ownership. It was never despoiled, being the property and residence of the Tsars when in Warsaw. Now it is owned by the State, and at certain times is accessible to the public. The King and Queen of Roumania lodged there during their visit in 1925. Many of the palaces have been converted to plebeian uses, for the Polish capital, with its million inhabitants, has an acute housing problem. Some of them, however, are occupied by the Polish nobility. I spent an afternoon recently with Count and Countess Raczynska in their town residence, which stands *entre cour et jardin*, the façade forming the inner side of a square off the Krakowskie Przedmiéscie. It is a handsome building with many spacious reception-rooms. It did not originally belong to the family, who have, besides, their old place in the country still. Its present occupants have collected in it some fine examples of furniture in the Stanislaus Augustus Empire style. It was in one of its reception-rooms that

the patriotic conspirators met who ultimately forced the elected Government to grant a constitution at the end of the eighteenth century. The walls are draped with the same crimson silk damask, one hundred and fifty years old, the receipted accounts for which are in my host's possession. Among the pictures is a fine example of the "Master of the half bust." The Count was one of the first diplomats appointed by the Republic, and served for four years in the Polish Legation in London.

The French Revolution, and the concurrent revolt in Belgium in 1830, encouraged the Poles to rise that year, Warsaw being the focus of intrigue. It was ruthlessly suppressed by Nicholas I, who aimed at the destruction of the Polish nationality and language. The extension and development of the city were prohibited, building work was brought to a standstill, and the situation was made worse by the disturbances following the massacre of 1861. In the result the housing of the city compared with modern standards became deplorable. Of course, there was no improvement during the German occupation of Warsaw from August 5, 1915, until the armistice. Since the *renaissance*, however, building has been carried out on an extensive scale. On my way to Wilanow I saw hundreds of houses that had been recently built and as many more in course of completion. Similar schemes are being carried out in all the other suburbs.

Many of the houses in Warsaw present a dilapidated appearance and cry aloud for paint. Even the batons of the policemen on point duty are sadly in need of a coat of ripolin. Some months ago the Government considered this question, fearing that foreigners would be unfavourably impressed when attracted to the capital by the International Exhibition to be held in Posen next year. Accordingly, they requested many owners to redecorate the fronts of their houses. Owing, no doubt, to financial stress, there was but a poor response to this gesture, and in the result last summer the authorities requisitioned the defaulting owners to carry out certain works of renovation forthwith, failing which the works will be executed by the State and the cost recovered from the owners.

Warsaw is well equipped from a traffic point of view. There are frequent services of excellent tramcars and an

abundant supply of taxicabs, the authorized fares of which are very low. A nervous person, however, could not enjoy riding in them, owing to the shocking state of the roadway and their speed, which is quite equal to that of the Paris taxis. Small wonder, then, that the vehicles are in a wretched state of repair, but the courtesy and honesty of the drivers make one overlook everything. On several occasions, when I paid my driver too much, he immediately produced his purse and tendered to me the change, which, being small, I always returned. Although Warsaw has not yet a traffic problem, the construction of an underground railway is contemplated to link up the city with the rapidly growing trans-Vistula districts.

Warsaw is a city of spires, towers, and domes. From the Zamek one sees towards the north-west the beautiful towers of St. John's Cathedral, almost overshadowing the Gothic spire of the Jesuit Church. Near by is the mosque-like Church of the Sacrament, built by Queen Casimira to commemorate the expulsion of the Turks from Vienna by Sobieski; and beyond it, the tower of the Church of the Holy Virgin. Across the river the two graceful Gothic spires of St. Florian rise above the houses. On the opposite side of the broad Zygmuntowska the snow-white Greek church, with its five beautiful azure-blue domes, glistens in the sun. Southward one can identify the dome and cupola of the Protestant church, which possesses the finest organ in Warsaw. Close to it are the imposing towers of Holy Cross Church, where there is an urn containing Chopin's heart. Farther on the two towers and lofty dome of Ste. Alexandre remind one of St. Paul's in London, and not far from the Central Station rise the two spires of St. Saviour's. As one looks at these ancient fanes one is thrilled to learn that in every one of them, from time to time during the past century, the forbidden Polish hymn, "At Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore, O Lord, our free country," has been sung; into all the Russian police have forced their way to effect arrests. Very few new churches have been built in the past century. One exception is the new Greek church. Gorgeous is the only word applicable to the decorations in this church and the vestments worn by the clergy. A richly-carved and gilded screen 40 ft.

high contains a dozen life-sized portraits of saints, and in the centre a copy of the "Coenacolo." Two large doors in the screen are kept open to admit of the many movements of the officiating clergy, who change their beautiful vestments frequently. Through these doors the worshippers catch a glimpse of the altar and ikons. The ceilings, cornices, and capitals are richly gilt. The antiphonal singing is delightful, for the clergy who take part in it have unusually fine voices. The crowded congregation, which included scores of soldiers, seemed most devout, and as I walked away with the music in my ears and the pleasant scent of incense in my nostrils I could not help wondering whether the *filioque* clause, after all, had done any great harm.

The armistice did not entirely remove the danger surrounding Warsaw, for the Bolsheviks advanced on it in 1919, and the inhabitants, fearing that the Russian whips would only be changed for the Bolsheviks' scorpions, sprang to arms. For the first time, women were invited to enlist for combatant service. The barracks are still standing in the Praga where five thousand young women were quartered and trained to arms. These fought with indomitable courage, and many made the supreme sacrifice in the fighting which took place outside Warsaw from August 14 to 16, 1920, when the Bolsheviks were finally routed. At the present time there is a Communist organization, with headquarters in Warsaw, which has been engaged in propaganda work amongst the army conscripts. The authorities, however, seem fully alive to the situation, for in August they made over a hundred raids, arrested sixty of the leaders, and seized *inter alia* a number of forged passports. National education is advancing in Warsaw, as in all Poland, by leaps and bounds. English educationalists recently visited the capital, and also Cracow, and expressed astonishment at what has been accomplished since the war. A large education estimate has been voted and schools built well up to date, equipped in many cases with gymnasiums, dentists' clinics, and swimming baths. A combined school and chapel, capable of seating twelve hundred scholars, is attached to a large elementary school in one of the working-class districts in Warsaw.

It will be some time before Warsaw can place on exhibition artistic treasures equal to those in the art centres of Europe. This is not surprising, for her oppressors stole Poland's collections wholesale. Under the Treaty of Riga, however, the *objets d'art* carried off by Catherine and others since have now been returned to their rightful owners, but there is no suitable building in the capital to receive and exhibit them adequately. To meet this want the Government has decided to erect a great building for the purposes of a National Museum in Warsaw. It will accommodate the collection in the Narodowy Museum, also the very numerous objects restored, which include pictures, furniture, armour, tapestry, china, and glass. It is unlikely that any of the art treasures in Cracow will be removed. Indeed, it would be unfair to rob the Wawel of any portion of its splendid collection of pictures, furniture, and exquisite tapestries by Coxcie and others, worked with silk and gold and silver thread; but there is little doubt that the works of art acquired by the Republic in future will gravitate to the capital rather than to Cracow. When he was in Warsaw, Canaletto painted quite a number of pictures illustrating the history of the Zamek Palace, where they were hung. All of them, filched by the Russians early in the nineteenth century, were returned in 1922, and once again adorn the walls of the room they formerly occupied.

A notable feature the newcomer cannot fail to observe is the spirit of independence that is abroad. No person now in Warsaw hesitates to express his thoughts aloud. Conversations, whether in private or in the hotels, are no longer carried on in undertones. Spies are no longer feared. Criticisms are now passed on the Government and its Ministers which twenty years ago would have led the critic to a sojourn in Siberia. A spirit of optimism also possesses the people, which is well founded. Trade is booming all over the country, the harvest last year was far above the average, there was a large surplus on the national revenue, and the National Debt has been reduced by one hundred and six million zloty, a splendid achievement for an impoverished State within ten years of its rebirth.

The Chaco Dispute, and the Problems of Latin America

By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart.

SINCE Canning "called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," the average Briton has paid singularly little attention to Latin America or its problems. From time to time some physical or political upheaval of more than ordinary magnitude has for a brief space concentrated the world's attention upon that vast portion of the earth's surface which lies between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn; but such occurrences have never been more than a nine days' wonder, and have left unenlightened the ignorance concerning Latin-American conditions in which the vast bulk of the British public was plunged. Recently, however, the urgent need of finding fresh markets, and the growth of North American competition, culminating in the tour of Mr. Hoover, in quarters where our predominance seemed assured, have combined to effect a change of attitude, and now the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay has come to test the machinery of international peace.

The actual point at issue is not in itself of the first importance. Frontiers in Latin America are by no means always clearly defined, and such is that between Bolivia and Paraguay. The Chaco Boreal is a district of some hundred thousand square miles—roughly the size of Great Britain—in area, lying between the Pilcomayo and Paraguay Rivers, and it is inhabited for the most part by tribes of wandering Indians, though during the course of last year a number of Mennonite immigrants arrived from Canada. The land may or may not be capable of development—time alone can show—but the reason it is coveted by the Government at La Paz is that it gives access to the navigable part of the River Paraguay. Bolivia has at present no outlet upon the sea, a disability which she shares with her Paraguayan rival, but the possession of the Chaco area would be a very decided step in that direction.

The Chaco dispute, then, however intrinsically trivial, does serve to emphasize a very important phenomenon in the politics of Latin America, the fact that but few of

the republics are economic units. It may be answered that the same is true of some European States, and this is certainly so, but those are the very countries which are a permanent source of uneasiness to their neighbours. Chile is self-contained within her natural frontiers, but in the majority of cases the national boundaries have no justification in history, geography, or economics. They are the result either of chance or topographical ignorance in the past. During the nineteenth century, when the development of the various republics was still in its early stages, these handicaps were of minor importance, but in view of the amazing progress of today they are rapidly becoming very serious obstacles indeed. New sources both of power and of the means of production are coming to the front, and the nation that is deprived of them is severely hampered in its competition with its more fortunate neighbours.

If the progress of more than one Latin-American State is likely to be retarded in the future owing to the fact that political frontiers by no means always correspond with economic realities, lack of the capital necessary for development is a common weakness of them all. Such being the case, it is not surprising that a good deal of the wealth which has flowed into the United States during the past few years should have been reinvested in South America, and it so happens that Bolivia has been one of the principal recipients of North American capital. This fact has undoubtedly not been without its influence upon the Bolivian acceptance in the dispute with Paraguay of the mediation of the Pan-American Conference, a body which is notoriously amenable to the pressure of the State Department at Washington, rather than that of the King of Spain or the League of Nations. Those who had invested their money in Bolivia very naturally did not wish to see it wasted in a war that could profit nobody, and so they made their influence felt on the side of peace; while Paraguay, whatever her own views may be, has been compelled to accept the same court of arbitration as her rival, under penalty of appearing before the world as the aggressor.

It is thus clear that the real importance of the Chaco dispute lies not in the actual ownership of the land in question, or in deciding who was responsible for the clash

of arms that took place, but in the important issues which it is raising, namely the possible readjustment at any rate of economic boundaries, and the whole position of the United States in relation to her Latin-American neighbours. It is these considerations that have led the Argentine and Brazil to refuse to serve on any committee of mediation between Bolivia and Paraguay, and a realization of their point of view is necessary to an understanding of the grave problems which the present dispute is bringing to the front.

The rise of the Argentine has been one of the romances of history, and her citizens have every justification for the belief that their country's future will be even more glorious than her past. At the same time, the Argentine is undeniably handicapped by her lack of fuel, for her coal resources are poor both in quality and in quantity, while oil has yet to be found on a sufficiently large scale. Water-power is available in the Misiones Province, but it is a long way from the capital and other centres of industrial activity, and even with the most modern of high pressure cables a large percentage is inevitably lost in transmission. In these circumstances, the only solution—for the feasibility of harnessing the tides on any remunerative scale has yet to be proved—is to obtain control of the power which is running to waste beyond the frontiers of the Argentine, in Paraguay. Political control may or may not be necessary—that remains to be seen; but what is essential is an assurance that the supply shall not be interrupted, an assurance that would by no means be forthcoming if the Paraguayan rivers were to be run by North American capital under the nominal overlordship of distant La Paz.

On the political plane the policy of the Argentine is governed by her opposition to the Monroe Doctrine. Whether at Geneva or at Washington, she refuses to become a party to any agreement which even tacitly recognizes this Doctrine, and this is the explanation alike of her refusal to resume membership of the League of Nations and to sign the Kellogg Pact. Buenos Aires demands that she shall be treated by Washington as an equal, and it seems clear that, so long as the United States persists in adhering to the Monroe Doctrine, the present

ill-feeling between the two leading countries of America must continue.

The position of Brazil is slightly different from that of her southern neighbour. She has within her present boundaries all the wealth necessary to make her one of the greatest nations of the world, and her difficulty is to market the goods which she produces. In short, on the economic side the handicap from which Brazil suffers is not lack of power and fuel, like the Argentine, but of means of communication and transport, and for these further capital is essential. Furthermore, the progress of Brazil is undoubtedly retarded by her form of government, for she made more headway under the monarchy than she has done since; but that is an evil which will probably be remedied ere long. She has also embarked upon a solution of her racial problems which ethnologists all over the world are regarding with interest and sympathy; but however successful the ultimate result may be, there can be no doubt that for the moment the experiment is slowing up her rate of progress. On the other hand, Brazil is at one with the Argentine in her suspicion of the United States, which, in view of her own loosely knit federation and the memory of the enforced separation of Panama from Colombia, as well as more recent events in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Nicaragua, is not very surprising.

The general situation, then, in Latin America today is that with the exception of Chile none of the republics possesses frontiers that are other than purely accidental in their nature, and all are in need of foreign capital for their further development. At the same time, most of them have attained manhood as nations, and two, the Argentine and Brazil, will be among the world's great Powers tomorrow. Lastly, all are suspicious of the United States. This state of affairs clearly cannot be permanent, but before considering the future it is as well to look at the position for a moment from the point of view of Washington.

The interests of the United States in Latin America naturally come under two heads, political and economic, and they are best examined separately.

The completion of the Panama Canal under North

American, rather than French, auspices has made its control as vital to Washington as that of the Suez Canal is to Great Britain, for upon it depends the answer to the question whether the United States Navy is or is not to be able to act as one force in time of war. No administration at Washington, however pacific its policy, dare relax control of the Panama Canal, and if it did, it would be guilty of a very grave dereliction of duty. So far as the application of the Monroe Doctrine to the rest of the continent is concerned, it is meant to prevent any annexation of Latin-American territory by a European Power. For this purpose it is in actual practice quite useless, and it is difficult to believe that the State Department does not realize the fact. The Argentine and Brazil could defend themselves against any armament that a single European State could at present send against them, and if a nation did arise in Europe that was strong enough to overcome such local resistance, a North American fleet operating hundreds of miles from its base would not be likely to deter it. Above all, the League of Nations exists for the sole purpose of discouraging such expeditions, so that at the present time the insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine to the South of Panama is both impossible in practice and unnecessary in theory.

The economic interests of the United States rest upon surer foundations, and the importance which is attached to them at Washington is shown by the recent tour of Mr. Hoover. If the present high standard of living, of which North American statesmen are so justifiably proud, is to be maintained, it can only be by finding fresh markets, and, as any great increase of trade with Europe is out of the question, these must lie south of the Rio Grande. At the present time Great Britain holds the commanding position, partly because she was the first upon the scene, and partly because there is no local suspicion of her political intentions. In the vast area of Latin America there will eventually be room and to spare for as much capital and as many goods as Great Britain and the United States care to export there, but there can be no doubt that the economic interests of the latter are being adversely affected by the political attitude adopted by the State Department. The voyage of Mr. Hoover was

proof of this, for although he was everywhere received with that courtesy which the Spaniard and the Portuguese always reserves for the national guest, there was a marked absence of cordiality, and the most elaborate precautions had to be taken by the police in every country that he visited.

Whatever else the future may hold in store for Latin America, it seems clear that its days of isolation are over. Improved communications are enabling the States of which it is composed to take the place which is their right in the counsels of the world, and with every day that passes the time draws nearer when the Argentine and Brazil will be ranked with France, Spain, and Italy among the great Latin nations. In these circumstances it is obvious that the present chaos cannot continue indefinitely without grave danger to all concerned. Some of the Latin-American nations are members of the League of Nations, some are not; some accept the Monroe Doctrine, others reject it; some are satisfied with their present frontiers, others are not. If the Chaco dispute brings about such a realization of the difficulties of this position as to lead to a settlement of them, it will not have been in vain. The world is only too eager to see Latin America playing its part upon the political and economic stage, but its rôle must not be that of the Balkans of the New World.

Is it too much to ask the United States, admittedly the greatest nation in the Western hemisphere, to make the gesture which shall bring Latin America into line with the rest of the world, to the great advantage of all concerned? The country to whose generous impulse humanity owes the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact could complete its work for international peace in no better way than by abandoning the Monroe Doctrine, and basing its relations with the southern part of the American continent upon a footing of equality. Such an action would involve no material sacrifice, but it would be at once appreciated at Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, and would immediately be followed by a removal of the existing suspicions and uncertainties which are retarding the progress of Latin America, and are in reality at the bottom of the present dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay.

The Bible and German Criticism

By Bishop Welldon

SINCE the war German theology has, by the judgment of scholars outside Germany, been reduced to something like its true level. No Biblical scholar would deny or dispute the value of the contributions which have been made by Germany to the study of the Old and the New Testaments. It would be difficult to overestimate the debt which the world of scholarship owes to the unfailing and unflagging industry of Germans in the collection and correlation of facts. Not a few critics, who have in the main rejected the conclusions of their scholarship upon the Bible, have been largely indebted to them for the means of rejecting those conclusions.

But German scholars, it would seem, while they are fully cognizant of all or nearly all that has been written about the Bible by their own fellow-countrymen, are yet far from possessing an equal acquaintance with the writings of scholars outside Germany. To take only two or three instances: in theology the great name of Bishop Butler, so widely and deeply honoured among all English-speaking peoples, is scarcely known in Germany; so, too, are some of the writings of Robertson Smith and George Adam Smith, and even Colenso, upon the Old Testament, and of Lightfoot and Westcott upon the New Testament. And this limitation of knowledge among German critics is applicable to the scholarship of other nations as well as of Great Britain.

Again, the prevailing German spirit in Biblical studies, at least outside the Roman Catholic Church, has in a remarkable degree tended towards Unitarianism or even towards Theism. There are few orthodox scholars among the Protestant divines of Germany. It is not so much argued as taken for granted that the miraculous or superhuman element, not only in the Old Testament but in the New, wherever it occurs, must be discarded as being essentially inconsistent with the well-established results of modern historical and literary science.

Thirdly, German criticism of the Bible, and even in a higher degree a good deal of Dutch and Swiss criticism, has proved itself to be deficient in the saving grace of common sense. It is probable that the German system of awarding degrees upon or after special dissertations

dealing with particular questions has induced an unnatural craving for originality, and so German scholarship has too often run a theory to death.

The question of what the Bible owes to German scholars, especially as it concerns the Old Testament, relates in a large measure to the so-called Higher Criticism. Such criticism is the criticism of a book based upon internal evidence, i.e. upon its contents, as distinct from the other or Lower Criticism, which is concerned with the text, as attested by external evidence. The Higher Criticism did not originate in Germany. Its founder is generally said to have been Astruc, a French physician, who lived in the reign of Louis XIV. There had, indeed, been writers, such as Hobbes and Simon, both living in the seventeenth century, who argued that Moses could not have been the author of the Pentateuch. But it was Astruc who, in his "Conjectures sur les Mémoires Originaux dont il parait que Moyse s'est servi pour composer le livre de Genèse," which appeared in 1753, first attempted to distinguish the sources of which Moses had actually availed himself. Astruc did not deny the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch; but he believed that Moses in composing it had used certain documents, especially two documents in which the Divine Names were respectively Elohim and Jehovah or Jahveh. He pointed out that not only were the Divine Names different, but that corresponding with this difference of names was a difference, amounting sometimes to a contradiction, of narrative, as in the stories of the Creation and the Flood. Other documents beside the Elohistic and the Jehovistic had, he thought, supplied materials for the Book of Genesis, as it now stands; but these were the two main documents.

The first German writer who developed the thesis of Astruc's Conjectures was Eichhorn, in his "Einleitung in das Alte Testament," which in its original edition of three volumes was published between 1780 and 1783. He was the author of the technical phrase "Higher Criticism." Like Astruc, he recognized in the Book of Genesis the two constituent parts corresponding with the Divine Names, Elohim (E) and Jehovah (J). Eichhorn, indeed, distinguished numerous words and phrases in addition to the Divine Names, as characteristic respectively of the Elohistic and the Jehovistic narratives. He

argued that there must have been a third writer, who is generally called P, besides J and E. P was the author of the Priestly Code, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Grundschrift*. But German scholars who came after Eichhorn carried the process of dividing the books of the Pentateuch into their constituent parts far beyond Genesis. De Wette held that Deuteronomy, in virtue not only of its style but of its contents, could not have been written before the reign of Josiah. Bleek held that the Book of Joshua presented the same or much the same linguistic features as the Pentateuch; and since his time it has been the custom of critics to treat the Hexateuch rather than the Pentateuch as a whole. There were then four main sources of the Hexateuch, viz. E, J, P, and D. But about the middle of the nineteenth century, Hüpfeld set the example of subdividing the elements of which the Hexateuch was composed, so that he and his successors came to recognize not only E, but E^1 and E^2; not only J, but J^1 and J^2; not only P, but P^1, P^2 and P^3; not only D, but D^1 and D^2. In fact, the subdivision of the Hexateuch came to be very much a matter of individual choice or caprice.

It is clear that when so many constituent parts of a book are recognized by the Higher Criticism, the task of deciding their several dates must be a great difficulty. But the difficulty concerns not the successive stages of J or E alone; it extends both to the *Grundschrift* or Priestly Code and to Deuteronomy. The *Grundschrift* itself has at different times been assigned by different writers to dates varying over a period of more than 600 years.

It is perhaps unnecessary to discuss the advanced criticism by which such persons as Abraham and Moses are held to be symbols of nations or tribes, or even solar myths. Criticism, as it rises to this height, or sinks to this depth, of interpretation may well seem to have taken leave of common sense. But the theory that the early books of the Bible were not and could not have been written in their present form by Moses must be regarded as a fact established by the Higher Criticism. So, too, must be the fact that these books are compositions in which a number, greater or smaller, of antecedent writings have been more or less artistically fused into a single

narrative. Most sensible Biblical critics of all schools of thought would now agree in accepting such conclusions as are stated in the recently published "New Commentary on Holy Scripture." They hold, in fact, that the internal evidence of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch reveals upon careful study at least four distinct elements, viz. J and E, which are parallel documents, originating the one probably in Southern and the other in Northern Palestine, and both a long way anterior to the captivities of Israel and Judah; Deuteronomy or D, which made its appearance at or about the time of the reformation effected by Josiah; and P, the Priestly Code or *Grundschrift*, which was first promulgated by Ezra after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity. It cannot be denied that this established basis of modern criticism is largely and indeed mainly due to a long series of German Biblical scholars from Eichhorn to Wellhausen, among them being scholars like Vater, Hüpfeld, Reuss, Vatke, and Graf. In the light of this result as applied not to the Hexateuch alone, but to the historical books of the Old Testament, Jewish history has been rewritten, as Roman history was rewritten by Niebuhr, by two Germans of commanding learning and insight, viz. Ewald in his "Geschichte des Volkes Israel," and Wellhausen in his "Prolegomena sur Geschichte Israels."

It is not possible within the limits of the present paper to discuss or even to describe the subdividing process, as it has been applied by numerous critics to all or nearly all the books of the Old Testament. The instance of the Psalms and of the Prophecies which bear the name of Isaiah will be sufficient.

The principal question affecting the Psalms has been how far they may be safely regarded as belonging in their origin to David or his age; or, to put it in another form, how many of the Psalms, if any, may be safely regarded as having been composed before the Captivity? That the Psalter as a whole should bear the name of David as its author, although a great part of its contents were later than his time, would accord with the not unusual practice of composition among the Hebrews. Before the age of modern criticism it was generally taken for granted that the first two books of the Psalms, including Psalms 1 to 72, were Davidic in their date of

origin, if not in their authorship. But the Psalms or the superscriptions of later Psalms bear witness to the belief that some of them had been written by the sons of Asaph and Korah, who were in a sense masters of the choirs organized by David himself, after his death. There has of late been a growing opinion that some of the later Psalms belong to the reign of Hezekiah or even to the age of the Maccabees. It was reserved for Professor Cheyne in his Bampton Lectures to deny that any single Psalm could be proved to have been written before the Captivity. Modernist critics will, I think, generally admit that human scholarship is unequal to the task of assigning, after Professor Cheyne's example, not only particular Psalms, but particular verses of those Psalms, to particular years, or not only in the Psalms, but also in the Hexateuch and other books of the Old Testament, particular verses or series of verses to different authors. But in the Psalter as in the Hexateuch the general results of modern criticism, if not the extreme deductions from them, have won their way to the acceptance of most scholars.

Similarly, there can be little doubt that the chapters XL–LXVI of the Prophecies which bear the name of Isaiah disclose the hand of an author other than the writer of the preceding chapters. Eichhorn was, I think, the first critic who advocated the idea of a second Isaiah. He was supported by a number of German critics, such as Ewald, De Wette, and Hitzig. They appealed with good reason to the evidence, which the latter part of Isaiah itself affords, that the Babylonian exile had already taken place, that the Jews were longing for a deliverance from the exile, that not only was Babylonia well known to the author, but Cyrus was actually named by him.

Upon the whole it would seem to be certain that the main results of modern critical introspection into the composition of the Old Testament may be confidently accepted. So far as these results have been attained by the learning and labour of German scholars, Biblical criticism is greatly indebted to Germany. For not only has modern criticism of the Old Testament been loyal alike in its researches and its conclusions to historical and literary truth, and so has created or augmented respect for the Jewish sacred writings, but it has rendered

the Old Testament itself more intelligible and more honourable as a witness to the progressive revelation which God imparted to mankind during long centuries, mainly, if not wholly, through the agency of His chosen people, the Jews.

There has been no similar debt to German scholarship, I think, in the study of the New Testament. For the writings which it includes belong to a comparatively recent historical date; they are more easily tested by reference to contemporary literature; and their character no less than their history can be decided with stronger confidence. Yet the prevalent view of the New Testament is everywhere, and even in Germany itself, more conservative today than it has been at any time during the last century.

Unitarianism has been the keynote of German Biblical criticism from Baur to Harnack. The disbelief in our Lord's Divinity has naturally produced a disbelief in all such superhuman actions as are ascribed to Him; it has inclined and, indeed, compelled, critics to throw back the dates of the writings which attest His Divinity to a time as widely removed as possible from His own life. The consequence has been that there is not in all the New Testament a book which has not been at one time or other challenged in respect of its traditional date or authorship, or both, by German theologians.

The naturalistic theory of our Lord's Person, as it was advanced by Paulus in 1828, and the mythical view advanced by Strauss in 1835, may be neglected at the present time. These writers have shown, however involuntarily, that in order to support the merely human conception of our Lord's Personality it is necessary to discard the historical writings of the New Testament. The famous head of the Tübingen school, Baur, whose writings range from 1831 to 1845, believed the Synoptic Gospels to have appeared at some time later than A.D.130. He relegated the Fourth Gospel to some year later than A.D.160. He denied the genuineness of all St. Paul's Epistles, except the Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, and the Galatians. He placed the other Epistles ascribed to St. Paul at various dates between A.D. 140 and 165. He placed the Epistles of St. John about A.D. 170. Volkmar, who was himself a member of the

Tübingen school, denied the genuineness even of the four Epistles which had been recognized as genuine by Baur. The Tübingen school exercised for a time a powerful influence upon writers such as Renan in France and Matthew Arnold in England. There have been critics who have dissected some of St. Paul's Epistles (e.g. the Epistle to the Romans) into a number of more or less concordant separate writings. But in late years a reaction has taken place. The Epistles ascribed to St. Paul, except that to the Hebrews and perhaps the Pastoral Epistles, have come to be generally recognized as his. Harnack has argued for the Lucan origin of the Acts of the Apostles. The Synoptic Gospels have been shown to be scarcely later, and perhaps a little earlier, than the end of the first Christian century. It is difficult, after the investigations of Westcott and Sanday, to dispute the connection of the Fourth Gospel with the Apostle St. John, whether it was actually written by him or, as I prefer to think, by one of his pupils. After Lightfoot's reply to the author of a "Supernatural Religion," the date of the Fourth Gospel may safely be regarded as not later than A.D. 115. There still remains room for doubt as to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews and of the so-called Second Epistle of St. Peter. But upon the whole the genuineness of the writings which constitute the New Testament has been established, and the earliest of them have been shown to have been written within a generation after the death of Jesus Christ.

In the New Testament then the industry of German scholars cannot be said to have achieved any notable result. It has not gone beyond the laborious accumulation of facts which bear upon the nature of the sacred writings. It has not in any sense or degree undermined the authority of the New Testament as a faithful story of our Lord's life on earth, His death upon the Cross, the foundation of His Church, and the Apostolic ministry by which His Gospel was first made known to the world. In a word, the general estimate of the Old Testament has been changed, but not of the New; and Christians may fearlessly uphold the belief, which is itself characteristic of the "New Commentary on Holy Scripture," that God sent His Son into the world to be the Teacher, the Exemplar, and the Saviour of mankind.

A Bishop and Disestablishment

By W. Marshall Freeman

RECENT pronouncements by the Bishop of Durham in regard to Disestablishment have, not unnaturally, given rise to renewed controversy regarding the future of the Church of England, and seem likely still further to delay the unravelling of the tangled skein of Church affairs. Hitherto, Dr. Hensley Henson has stood out pre-eminent amongst those who have shown level-headedness in handling the problems that abound, and in keeping the helm of the Church pointing steadily in the right direction. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that he should now be engaged in an effort to bring about the severance of those relations between Church and State that, however anomalous and incoherent in theory, have in practice produced results for which humanity the world over may well be grateful.

> The Church of England is the most illustrious example of a national Church which the experience of Christianity has known. . . . When the Church of England shall have been disestablished and disendowed, the distinctive organization of Christ's religion which it has exhibited will have failed in Christendom.

Thus, Dr. Henson in 1927. But why contemplate such failure? Are we to forget what that distinctive organization has done for Christendom? Can we picture what would have befallen Christendom had the Reformation never been accomplished in England, and had the organization of the Church of England not been at that time solidly rebuilt upon the rock where it has stood unshaken now for well-nigh four hundred years? What has happened that we should cease from upholding the Establishment and consent to its being brought to an end with the inevitable despoiling of the Church's property that would follow? Is the necessity clear? Does the purpose to be served—does the end to be gained justify so stupendous an adventure, so incalculable a sacrifice? What does the Bishop of Durham himself think?

> There can hardly be any man to whom that policy is and has been ever more repugnant than to myself. The first public speech that I

ever made was made in Norwich in 1886 at a meeting convened to defend the Establishment. Now, in 1928, I find myself compelled to consider seriously a situation in which it may be my duty to confess publicly that I can no longer maintain that Establishment is consistent with the Church's self-respect. This is the more distressing to me since I cannot doubt that the practical arguments against Disestablishment and Disendowment remain as valid as they were. Indeed, in some respects they have gained in cogency, for the Church is less able to sustain the loss of its property now than then, and the nation needs more than ever the Church's ministrations.

Had the right reverend prelate written "is seeking" instead of "needs," it would have added to the reality and truth of his declaration. Never in its history has the nation shown greater interest in the well-being of the Church of England. Never has there been less disposition to lessen her dignity, to despoil her of her revenues, or to disparage the ministrations of her clergy.

What, then, is the explanation of the Bishop's changed attitude toward the Establishment? It must be founded upon something more substantial than a desire to vindicate the Church's "self-respect." The true explanation is to be found in the sermon preached to the University of Cambridge in January 1928:—

> For myself, I cannot hesitate to declare my belief that our duty is plain. At all costs we must vindicate the spiritual independence of the Church of England. Even if induced by a natural reluctance to end a fellowship between the Church and the State which has its origin in the dim beginnings of our national history, and through more than thirteen centuries has been fruitful of blessings to both, we could by concessions terminate the present dispute, is there any reason for thinking that the crucial issue has been settled?

Is this really the position? Are we to attribute to the House of Commons any real desire to interfere unduly with the power of the Church to decree rites and ceremonies and its authority in controversies of faith? One has only to consider for a moment the circumstances under which the Deposited Prayer Book was twice rejected by the House of Commons to see how little real foundation there is for this assumption. First and foremost among the reasons for that rejection was the hopelessly bad generalship of those in charge of the Prayer Book Measure on the first occasion. It never seemed to dawn upon their minds that the Measure was in any danger of rejection. Tactics and advocacy alike were at

fault; and their opponents scored an easy victory. The majority of members of the House of Commons were imbued with two broad and vague ideas, quietly and sedulously propagated in advance by a little group of ultra-Protestants intent upon wrecking the Measure. One idea was that the Deposited Book was a "Bishops'" book; the other that it authorized departures in doctrine wholly foreign to the Reformation settlement, and therefore undermining the Protestant character of the Church. Put into cruder form, the House of Commons majority was intent upon anti-Clericalism and anti-Popery. There was another side-issue—magnified into wholly undue proportions—which accounted for a great deal of prejudice: that was the rearrangement of the prayers for the King. It would have been easy to show—at least to unprejudiced minds—how exaggerated were all these suddenly aroused fears; but it was too late to do so when the Measure was before the House, and what little chance there was of putting matters right was wasted in futile digression by the speakers selected to support the Measure. Of course, this sort of thing ought to have been anticipated and discounted in advance by clear and intelligent propaganda. That was wholly neglected. It seems incredible that two of the simplest and most elementary facts relating to the history of the Deposited Book were never mentioned to the House. In the first place, the "Composite" Book had been debated and hammered out clause by clause, line by line, word by word in the Church Assembly elected in 1920, and in one of its Houses sat a substantial majority of Protestant-Evangelical laity (the present writer was one of them) who scrutinized every word with critical eye and voted down at every opportunity anything they deemed inconsistent with Reformation principles or subversive of sound Protestant doctrine. The Deposited Book was in truth the product of that "instructed laity" of the Church referred to by Sir Lewis Dibdin in his recent articles to the *Times*, and without their concurrence no single line of it could have been retained. That fact was never mentioned to the House of Commons; indeed, it is notorious that a vague idea prevailed in the House that the Book had quite recently been concocted

by the bishops whose meetings at Lambeth Palace had been the first means of attracting at all effectively the attention of the Press, and through the Press of the public at large, to what had been going on for some years in the councils of the Church.

The other outstanding fact, recognition of which was essential to impartial and judicial consideration of the matter by the House of Commons, was that in 1925 a general election took place for the Church Assembly. At that election in every parish and every ruri-deanery, the "Composite" Prayer Book, as it was then called, was debated as the one great issue before the voters. More than that, in anticipation of that general election taking place, urgent representations had been made for two years previously from pulpit and platform all over the country as to the importance of every qualified member of the Church being enrolled as a voter. Nowhere was there greater anxiety to secure the fullest voting power than in those ultra-Protestant parishes where there was active opposition to any revision of the Prayer Book. It must be recorded as an historical fact that all this activity in Church circles failed completely to attract any attention in the ordinary daily newspaper Press; and when the fateful appeal to the Church's electorate was made in 1925, the occasion passed almost unrecorded except in obscure paragraphs. Yet the result of that election was the return of a House of Laity with an overwhelming majority of members prepared to support the proposed revision. Why was not this fact made clear to the House of Commons?

So much for the mismanagement and want of vision that accompanied the first introduction of the Prayer Book Measure into Parliament. But what of the tragic blundering that followed? The position at that time was clear and capable of being handled effectively. The Bishop of Durham himself, in the "New Year's Message to the Church of England," which he delivered in his cathedral on New Year's Day, 1928, stated the position quite properly:—

> The House of Commons, in rejecting the Revised Prayer Book, has exercised its unquestionable right, and, if we refuse to accept its decision as expressing its deliberate verdict, it is because the

cirumstances in which that decision was reached went far to rob it of its proper significance. *The debate was strangely ill-informed and inadequate.* It was carried on in an atmosphere of emotional excitement extremely unfavourable to deliberation.

Then, after approving the intention of the archbishops to present the Book again with "such changes only as may tend to remove misapprehensions and to make clearer and more explicit its intentions and limitations," the Bishop went on to affirm that :—

We cannot and we will not do anything to justify the dishonouring statement, already freely made in many quarters, that a majority of the House of Commons can determine the doctrine and worship of the Church of England.

Obviously the House of Commons has no such authority, nor is it likely to arrogate to itself the privilege of dictating what the Church of England shall properly decide for herself in matters of faith. What the House of Commons is concerned to do is to safeguard the "Constitutional rights of His Majesty's subjects," and in this particular matter the House was persuaded into believing that drastic changes, deeply affecting the constitutional position of the Church in its relations with the State, were being carried out without the concurrence of the great mass of the English people, who have a right to the ministrations of the clergy, even though they are not active or even professing church-folk.

Surely it was tragic blundering to force the issue a second time without much greater circumspection than was shown. Was there *no* bishop with eyes to see and ears to hear who could realize that behind the action of the House of Commons lay deep-rooted mistrust of the capacity, or even of the intention, of the bishops, as a body, to *maintain discipline* in the Church ? Certainly there was *one* bishop who knew it and felt it—the Bishop of Durham. Let us look again at the New Year's Message from the pulpit of Durham Cathedral :—

The untoward decision of the House of Commons had little relation to the issue with respect to which it was made, but it had a grave significance as disclosing the mischiefs which have flowed from the disorder within the Church of England. It was not a debate but an explosion of popular resentment that happened in the House of Commons. That resentment had been gathering force for many years, and it had had but too sufficient justification in the behaviour, at once disloyal and autocratic, of many law-breaking clergy.

Precisely so. And is it not agreed on every hand that the one basic principle that inspired the reformers of the Prayer Book was the desire to "provide an authoritative answer to the question, which the prevailing disorder within the Church has raised in many minds—What does the Church of England stand for today?" Did not the Archbishop of Canterbury himself plead for its acceptance in order to give the bishops a chance to restore and maintain discipline? Unfortunately, the Commons had no guarantee that any such desirable end could be achieved. But the guarantee can yet be given. The Church should set about reforming and rehabilitating her Courts of Justice, the decay and disuse of which has contributed more than anything else to bringing about the present crisis; and the main obstacle will have been removed.

Hitherto disestablishment has only been desired, in the main, by two classes of individuals—those non-churchmen who for various reasons, not always consistent, have always desired the overthrow of the Church, and those (mostly clergy) within the Church who hope by that means to be better able to practise and promulgate their own doctrinal and ceremonial conceptions. Does the Bishop of Durham desire to encourage and assist these malcontents? I trow not; but the "spiritual freedom" to be gained by disestablishment would surely prove to be a mess of pottage for which to have exchanged the spiritual birthright of the nation! It is true that Dr. Hensley Henson has all along protested against the right of self-government which the Enabling Act bestowed upon the Church in her, as yet, infant assembly. He has denounced that Enabling Act as being, in itself, an Act of Disestablishment. But there is another and a more hopeful view which experience of the work of the Assembly generally has strengthened and confirmed. It is that the Church, no longer dependent upon the exigencies of Parliamentary business to secure her own long-overdue reforms, will, by using her new legislative freedom aright, strengthen her historic position as an Established Church and go forward in her great work, enjoying as never before the affection of an overwhelming majority of the English people.

Walter Scott's Heroic Struggle

By James Milligan

HAVING had access to the Minute Books concerning Sir Walter Scott's insolvency, I am able to give details which have never appeared before in an article.

In 1809 the firm of John Ballantyne & Company was established with Scott, John Ballantyne, and James Ballantyne as the partners. Sir Walter was interested to the extent of one-half and the other partners one-fourth each, but, being the only one with money to put into the business, he was called on, during the firm's existence, to contribute large sums for its benefit. The firm carried on until January 1826, when, owing to the affairs of Constable & Company, and Hurst Robinson & Company, of London, becoming involved, they found themselves faced with obligations they could not meet, and the crash that followed showed a deficiency in their affairs of approximately £117,000. The firm's assets consisted of claims against Constable & Company and Hurst Robinson & Company, which realized very little, and the property of Sir Walter, which was to realize a large sum for the creditors. Sir Walter offered that, rather than see any of the creditors lose through dealings with his firm, he would, if given time, place his creative powers at the disposal of the creditors and from the proceeds of his writings pay every one in full.

A meeting of the creditors was held on January 26, 1826, at which Mr. John Gibson, Junior, Writer to the Signet, stated that, as agent for Sir Walter, he had called the meeting to submit to it a full statement of the affairs of the firm and of the individual partners. He stated that he was instructed by Sir Walter to mention that

his earnest desire was to use every exertion in his power on behalf of the creditors and by the diligent employment of his talents, and the adoption of a strictly economical mode of life, to secure as speedily as possible full payment to all concerned.

The mode of management which seemed best fitted to facilitate this object was that of a private trust, which the firm and the partners were willing to execute. The creditors approved, and Mr. Gibson was requested

to convey to Sir Walter Scott, in the strongest terms, the assurance

of the deep feeling of respect and esteem which they entertain for him as a private individual, and of the high admiration of his talents as a pre-eminent literary character: and to assure him of their sincere desire to arrange the matter now under discussion so as to accord, as far as possible, with his own feelings and wishes.

The trustees appointed under this trust deed were James Jollie, Alexander Monypenny, and John Gibson, Junior; and the committee of creditors consisted of Sir William Forbes, Sir William Fettes, James Dundas, Alexander Monypenny, and Alexander Henderson.

A report was given at a meeting of trustees on May 25 of all that had taken place prior to that date. Sir Walter's house at 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh, which had been offered unsuccessfully for sale at £2,600, was put up again at £2,400, and the furniture, so far as it had not been removed to Abbotsford, had realized £287 3s. 9d. for the trust. The "Life of Napoleon" was on hand, with two volumes finished, and, soon after the date of the trust deed, "Woodstock" had been completed and sold for £8,231 odd, which, after deducting the price of paper, was reduced to £6,075 odd as falling to the trust. The question of ownership of the copyrights arose at this period. The trustee appointed on Constables' affairs claimed that these belonged to that firm; so it was thought expedient to submit the matter to Mr. Alexander Irving, advocate (afterwards Lord Newton), for his opinion, referring to him "all demands, claims, disputes, questions, and differences depending and subsisting" between the parties. Lord Newton, in 1829, decided the copyrights of the novels had actually been sold by Sir Walter and that he had no claim of retention upon them.

In view of the fact that Sir Walter's energies were to be depended on almost entirely to recoup the creditors, the trustees thought it wise to insure his life. They bought from Constables' trustee policies to the value of £15,000, continued two policies held by Ballantyne for £5,000, and took out a further policy for £2,000, making in all, £22,000, with an annual premium of £1,016 odd.

In addition to the first edition of the Waverley Novels, Sir Walter had been in the habit of selling to Constables the right of printing collected editions of the books of different sizes and descriptions. These had been completed down to "Quentin Durward"; so the trustees arranged to continue these editions by adding "St.

Ronan's Well," "Redgauntlet," "The Talisman," and "Woodstock." Owing to the cost of paper and production generally, the trustees only realized £1,500 from the venture, with the addition of a further £450 the following year through giving Cadell permission to print a further 1,000 copies.

Sir Walter advised the trustees at the same time to complete the publication of the Miscellaneous Works. Four volumes, consisting of "The Life of Dryden," "The Life of Swift," "Biographical Notices from Ballantyne's Novelists' Library," and "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk" were already printed, and he said he had material for other two volumes. Lord Newton had decided that these Miscellaneous Works belonged to Constables, for, even although the price had not been paid, they had granted bills for them which were dishonoured. The only sum falling to the trust therefore was £200 as the author's money for revising and putting to press the undelivered volumes.

By this time (March 1827) the "Life of Napoleon" was almost completed. The first edition was sold to Longmans and Cadell at £2 2s. per copy, making, less discount, £18,309 odd for the impression. While compiling the life, Sir Walter found it necessary to go to Paris and London for additional information. In a letter he wrote, "I really think I have an equitable claim on the trustees for my jaunt to Paris, which cost me £230, but has produced for the trust the 8th volume of Napoleon." The visit to London cost £70, but the trustees realized the justice of the claim. While the first edition sold for this large sum of £18,309, the expenses were very heavy :—

Printing	£3,029	1	3
Paper	5,262	16	0
Books furnished to Sir Walter	204	18	2
Sir Walter's travelling expenses	300	0	0
Sundries	100	0	0
	£8,896	15	5

which left a net profit on the edition of £9,412 odd.

The "Chronicles of the Canongate," in two volumes, comprising "The Highland Widow," "The Two Drovers," "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," "The Tapestried Chamber," and "The Death of the Laird's Jock," were begun

in the summer of 1826, but, owing to the demands for his work made by Constables' trustee, Sir Walter decided that the book should not appear as the work of the "Author of Waverley." With this in view he made his own bargain with Cadell—the author's money being fixed at £500 for a limited impression. This sum was paid direct to Sir Walter, who applied it towards the liquidation of some family debts and the expenses of Lady Scott's last illness and funeral. Then Sir Walter changed his mind about the author's name, and the trustees, hearing about the book, arranged for a larger edition, which they sold to Cadell for an additional sum of £2,234 odd, he defraying the whole expenses of paper, printing, advertising, etc.

The new editions of the novels to include "Woodstock" and the "Poetical Works" on hand were offered to Longmans and Cadell. The latter was successful in securing them for £4,000 for the series of novels and £910 for the "Poetical Works." Longmans bought the copies of "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" that were in Ballantyne's hands, and also copies of the "Poetical Works" for £1,214 12s.

The next novel to be written was "The Fair Maid of Perth," which formed the second series of the "Chronicles of the Canongate." It was sold in 1827 to Cadell for £4,200 for the right to print 8,500 copies, he paying the whole expenses of publication. Then came "Anne of Geierstein," which was also sold to Cadell for £4,200 for the right to print 8,500 copies on the same conditions; and following that, "Count Robert of Paris," for which Cadell offered 2,500 guineas for the right to print 5,000 copies. The reduction in the number printed was not due to any falling off in the interest taken in Sir Walter's work, but because the new edition of the novels was in course of publication, and those who were taking this edition would not buy the single volume.

A meeting of creditors was held in December 1827, when the question was raised as to the ranking of the creditors on the funds realized. The greater part of the funds had been realized from the literary exertions of Sir Walter, and the question had arisen whether there should be any separation of the estates of the firm and the individual partners, or whether the whole funds

should be thrown into one mass and shared equally among the creditors—which was the course desired by Sir Walter and was that adopted by the trustees. A dividend of 6s. in the £ was then announced on all debts. The meeting resolved to express to Sir Walter "their high sense of the honourable and meritorious exertions which he has already made, and still continues to make for the benefit of the creditors."

The entire copyrights of the Waverley Novels from "Waverley" to "Quentin Durward" had been sold several years before by Sir Walter to Constables, but a large part of the price had not been paid, and the balance due at the time of Constables' bankruptcy was £7,800. In 1827 Constables' trustee proposed that these copyrights should be sold for the benefit of all concerned, and Sir Walter urged his trustees to buy them, as he considered it essential that he should have control over them. Cadell joined with the trustees in the purchase, and the price paid was £8,500. The trustees and Cadell also bought from Longmans their rights in the "Poetical Works" for £7,000.

A new edition of the novels in forty volumes to be issued monthly was started in June 1829. Adam Black, bookseller, supervised the management between the trustees and Cadell. At the end of 1830 over £7,000 had been realized for the trust from this edition, and it is interesting to note that the number of the novels sold amounted to from 15,861 to 24,010, according to the popularity of the novel.

In July 1830 Sir Walter was very anxious that a further dividend should be paid to the creditors. The trustees expected to have about £10,000 from the new edition of the novels by the autumn, and Cadell offered to give a further £2,000 or £3,000 in advance to account of profits. The debts were bearing interest at 5 per cent., and as the trustees could borrow money at 4 per cent., they decided to agree to Sir Walter's request, and a second dividend of 3s. was paid on October 18, 1830.

At a meeting of trustees held on December 6, 1830, a letter was produced from Mr. Gibson Craig, the agent for Dixon Longdale & Company, of London, one of the creditors, enclosing a requisition signed by twenty-seven of the principal creditors requesting the trustees to call

a meeting of creditors to consider and determine on the following motion :—

> That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linens, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honourable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made and continues to make for them.

The meeting was held in the Royal Exchange Coffee House on December 17, when the proposal was carried unanimously. It was also decided at this meeting to present Ballantyne with his furniture.

Lord Newton decided in May 1831 the only remaining point in the submission with Constables' creditors, the question of the property of the manuscripts of the Waverley Novels which were in Constables' possession at the time of the bankruptcy. He decided that the letter which Sir Walter sent to Constables along with the manuscripts was evidence of a donation and not of a trust : that the manuscripts consequently were the property of Constables' creditors, who were entitled to dispose of them for their own benefit. Sir Walter was satisfied that it was useless to prolong the discussion in view of this opinion.

On July 22 and 28, 1831, two meetings of creditors and trustees were held to consider a letter from Sir Walter. He had been asked to sign a further assignation of the later copyrights, and in reply he wrote :

> I return you the Assignation and am quite willing to sign it, only taking it for granted that as heretofore we are to go hand in hand in any proposal for the sale of the property, as we might very easily lose a very large sum. . . . I have not the least doubt that, with the exertions I am making a dividend may be paid next year, if you approve of selling the novels for the sum Mr. Cadell offers. I have these works far advanced; one is " Count Robert of Paris," nearly ready; another forms three volumes called " Castle Dangerous "; a third also nearly finished is the " Reliquiæ Trotcosienses," which is upon a separate plan. Of all these you will have the fruits excepting a few hundreds which I must retain.
>
> Moreover I expect my labours, which have been heavy enough, God knows, will conclude with a visit to the warmer climates of Europe for the re-establishment of my health, and I have little doubt I shall easily find matter for two or three volumes of Paul's Letters. I suppose the Trustees will allow me a reasonable sum of travelling expenses.

Cadell had offered £10,000 for one half of the property

of the Waverley Novels from "Quentin Durward" and of the "Life of Napoleon," and this offer was accepted by the trustees. The Miscellaneous Works, including the "Life of Dryden," the "Life of Swift," the "Biographical Memoirs," "Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama," were exposed to sale at the Royal Exchange Coffee House on September 22, 1831, and sold to Cadell for £240.

In September 1831, Sir Walter's health was far from satisfactory, and he had decided to go to the South of Italy to try to improve it. He sailed, in fact, on H.M.S. *Barham*, which had been put at his disposal, and he visited and wrote about Malta. But his health was so bad that "Count Robert of Paris," which was originally to have been in three volumes, fell very far short of that size. It was, however, decided that Cadell should publish it, and the price he paid was reduced from £2,625 to £1,750. Lockhart was to be asked to undertake the revisal of the book and to assist Cadell with the preparation of the introductions and notes, which were incomplete when Sir Walter went abroad.

Cadell received a letter from Sir Walter in March 1832, saying that he was going from Naples to Greece, and that he had greatly benefited in health by the sea voyage.

In May of that year Cadell made a proposal to the trustees for the early payment of the balance of 20s. in the £ to the creditors without interest. He had been trying to buy up some of the claims, but without success, as these creditors thought it probable they would obtain payment in full at an early date. He mentioned in his letter that—

> While Sir Walter Scott lives, his creditors may be treated with in a body successfully by the early payment of twenty shillings in the pound, including Cowan's and other dividends; on the other hand, were his death to take place, they will in all probability insist on the current interest since 1826, and to obtain this might adopt a course which in the end would prove prejudicial to their interests.

The amount still due at this time was about £55,000, and the trustees decided not to make any move, because they did not think such a proposal should come from them and also that such a payment would require to be made on borrowed money.

In August, Cadell offered £1,200 for the right to publish a continuation of the early editions of the novels, and the trustees, in view of Sir Walter's health, agreed to accept it, deeming it unwise to enter into any publishing speculation. It was apparent that Sir Walter was not to live very much longer, so the trustees arranged, in the event of his death, that Mr. James Curle, who had been managing the estate of Abbotsford for them, would be the most suitable person to seal and reopen the repositories under judicial authority.

Sir Walter died on September 21, 1832, and the funeral took place at Dryburgh on the 26th of that month. As had been previously arranged, Mr. Curle applied to the sheriff of Roxburgh for a warrant to Lockhart and him to seal the repositories and to open them and take inventories of the contents. This was done, and the repositories were opened by Lockhart and Curle in presence of Major Sir Walter Scott, his brother Charles, and others, including two of the trustees, Mr. Monypenny and Mr. Gibson.

At a meeting of trustees and committee of creditors held on October 6, a letter was read from Major Sir Walter Scott, Charles Scott, and Lockhart in which they offered to put into the trustees' hands a sum sufficient, when added to the insurance moneys and other sums in hand, to pay to the whole creditors another dividend of 9s. in the £ on February 2 following, on condition that all the creditors agreed to give a full discharge of their debts contracted prior to the date of the trust deed. They also offered to relieve the trust of all future expense. This offer was circulated among the creditors, who met in the Royal Exchange Coffee House on October 29. At this meeting the chairman intimated that the fund created since the commencement of the trust amounted to £51,127 19s. 11d., exclusive of the insurance moneys. The meeting resolved unanimously and with acclamation to accept the offer, and recorded that—

> they think it a tribute justly due to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, to express in the strongest manner their deep sense of his most honourable conduct, and of the unparalleled benefit which they have derived from the extraordinary exertion of his unrivalled talents under misfortune and difficulties which would have paralysed the exertions of any one else, but in him only proved further the greatness of mind which enabled him to rise superior to them.

A Rendezvous for Mr. Hopkins

By Ray Coryton Hutchinson

He was always on deck, except when the weather was cold. The steward carried him up and settled him on his chair—a quaint little figure, covered to the shoulders with thick scarlet blankets, and his white head protected by a black straw hat.

He smiled at all of us, and we smiled back, and wished him "Good morning." But he seemed so individual, so apart from us all, so splendid in his fragile loneliness, that none of us ever talked to him. At least, for a long time none of us did. We were only a few days outside Port Curtis when I ventured one day to approach him.

I offered to lend him a book—he seemed to have nothing to beguile the hours he spent on deck.

"It is very good of you," he replied in his quiet voice, "but my eyes won't let me read nowadays."

"Would you like me to read to you, Mr. ——?" I asked.

"Mr. Hopkins. Thank you, thank you very much! But my mind wanders rather, I'm afraid I should be a poor listener. I should be awfully pleased, though, if you would sit with me just for a bit."

I fetched another chair, and placed it beside his. It was rather difficult to start conversation, and my companion gave me no help.

"I suppose you are travelling for your health?" I asked eventually. A weak beginning, but it sufficed.

"No," he replied simply. "I am travelling to Claremont to die."

This was awkward. No doubt there is something which one should say in answer to a statement like that, but for the moment, at any rate, that something escaped me. After a few seconds' silence I smiled rather foolishly and said:

"Oh, I expect the trip will do you a lot of good. You won't feel like dying when you get to Claremont."

He looked at me with his peculiar, haunting smile.

"It would hardly do, not to die," he murmured, "because I can't afford to live. I've spent all my

savings on the fare, everything but a few pounds. It's getting a little chilly, don't you think? I wonder if you would mind sending for the steward to take me down?"

On the following day he beckoned to me as I passed him, and asked:

"Do you know when we're due in?"

"They say that we ought to arrive about Thursday midday," I answered.

"Not before?"

His face was very wistful.

"Well, you never know your luck. Ships' officers are usually a little bit pessimistic, just to put themselves on the safe side. Are you in a hurry?"

"Yes. I have to meet someone at Claremont. It's very important that I should get there."

I thought hard, wondering how to reassure him.

"Look here!" I ventured. "If you can stand it, I'll get a car at Curtis and drive you to Claremont. That would be a lot quicker, and I should enjoy the run."

"You're awfully kind," he said fervently. "I'll pay for the car myself. I can still just run to that."

"Oh, certainly not!" I assured him. "When have you to be there?"

"It's not a case of any particular date. It's a case of lasting out till I get there. It's—it's going to be close work."

"Your friend couldn't meet you, if you telegraphed?"

"No."

He was silent for a while; then he began to speak. He spoke like the Colonel of a regiment, methodically detailing the work for the next day. Very precise, very restrained.

"I've had to time things very closely. I knew that I was ill, but it was a long time before I could save enough for the voyage here. Everything I saved seemed to melt away in doctors' fees. At length I gave up the doctors. I got worse; but I managed to save the fare and a little bit more. It's been a bit of a gamble. I hope I win."

"You must," I said, grasping his hand. "You must pull it off now!"

"It's very hard. I suppose I shouldn't burden you with my troubles, but it's so nice to have someone to talk to. It's like this. When a man suffers, as I suffer, he often commits suicide. The pain is so great, it seems madness not to escape. Well, it would be very easy for me to commit suicide. I've only got to stop fighting." He laughed softly. "It's a struggle, you know," he added. "But I must keep my rendezvous."

It was not till late on Thursday evening that we reached Port Curtis. I arranged with the stewards that Mr. Hopkins should be taken to the Hotel Paris while I attended to the hiring of a car. I was fortunate in securing an excellent vehicle, a powerful tourer with huge balloon tyres and luxurious upholstery, and was round at the hotel in twenty minutes.

I found my friend looking paler than he had ever been on board. But he still smiled.

"I expect you would like to start straight away?" I inquired. "I've got some food with me."

"Yes," he answered eagerly. "Yes. I don't need food, I can only take a little gruel. But perhaps you would like some dinner before you start?"

I assured him that I had indulged in an excellent meal just before landing, and, with the help of one of the porters, I carried him to the car. We placed him in the front seat and covered him carefully with rugs. His luggage—only an old suitcase—I put in the back. As we left the town and gathered speed, travelling smoothly through the cool air of the evening, a little colour came into Mr. Hopkins's cheeks. But it was some time before he spoke. At last he asked me to open his suitcase.

I did so, and at his direction found a little pocket-case, from which I took two pieces of faded paper.

"This is a plan of Claremont," he said, holding one of them beneath the dash lamp. "I can't see it clearly myself, but you see the place outside the town which I've marked with the blue pencil?"

I said that I did.

"Do you think you can find it?"

"Quite easily. The map's very clear, and if there's any hitch, we have only to ask."

He smiled contentedly, and I drove on. My companion remained silent as we sped through the night, but

I knew that he was not asleep, because from time to time he stretched out his hand and clasped my arm. Occasionally I patted his shoulder, and he murmured his thanks like a sleepy child. The engine throbbed unceasingly, and as the headlamps sucked the tall trees and thick hedges into my view, the romance of the night gripped me. But I felt, somehow, that it was not the roaring beast beneath me which was forcing us onwards. Every time the thin, cold fingers touched mine I felt that the shrivelled body by my side was the power that carried us forward. From those fingers flowed an electric energy, an unrestrainable force, which gave me the sensation that the car in which we sat was merely a trifling accessory to our purpose. I felt no impulse to sleep. I seemed to be dreaming, but dreaming that I was a slave, working with every muscle in my body to serve a master who sat beside me, silent, very still, visible only in the tiny beam of light reflected from the dashboard.

At half-past seven in the morning we had still fifteen miles to go. And Mr. Hopkins, his smile vanished, gave a sigh.

"Fifteen miles, are you sure?" he asked twice.

"Rather less, now," I replied.

"I'm afraid—I can't quite do it."

I put my arm round his shoulder, and drew him close.

"Bear up!" I whispered. "You *must* do it now."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter." His voice was barely audible. "But you'll take me there, even if I don't last, won't you?"

I gave the required assurance, and half an hour later, when we reached Claremont, he was still gripping my arm, with a strength which seemed almost impossible for so frail a creature. I stopped to glance at the map, and having memorized the route took the road leading eastwards out of the town. It was an easy route to follow, and in ten minutes we reached the little chapel, surrounded by a graveyard, which Mr. Hopkins had marked with a blue cross. I stopped the car.

"Here we are!" I said.

His eyes were closed, and he did not move. I took one of his wrinkled hands in mine and gently rubbed it. It was several minutes before he stirred, then he slowly opened his eyes and looked around him.

"Yes," he said. "This is the place. I have always pictured it as being something like this."

He asked for the pocket-case, and from it took the second of the faded papers. This he gave to me, and I read: "The second avenue on the right, the fourth on the left."

"Quick!" he whispered. "Take me there quickly."

There was no one about to help me, but I picked him up in my arms, carried him along the path that led to the chapel door, and down the second avenue on the right. There was a seat there, and at his request I placed him on it.

"This is just the place, I can see it from here," he murmured. "Thank you very much! I think I'll sit here just for a little while. Thank you, thank you very much!"

I left him, and went into the chapel, a crude, hideous brick building, where I knelt, feeling full of happiness. I stayed for ten minutes, and then, fearing that perhaps I had not covered my protégé warmly enough, I stepped into the sunshine again.

Mr. Hopkins was no longer alone. On his knee, one arm about his neck, the other hand stroking his hair, sat a fair-haired, smiling girl. In a brief glance I took in her features—it was an English face, very rosy in the cheeks, pretty, I think, as I judge beauty. Neither of them saw me. An army of men might have tramped through the graveyard, and they would still have thought themselves alone.

Just to give them time, I turned for an instant to look at the car, shuffling my feet on the gravel. Then I walked towards the seat.

The girl had gone.

I went and stood at Mr. Hopkins's side.

"Who was your friend?" I asked him. "You must introduce me."

He gave no reply. His eyes were closed again, and on his face the smile; a little wider now—a smile of triumph.

He was buried next day, beneath a stone on which I could just decipher the words: "Here lies Ethel, wife of Joshua Hopkins, of Enfield, England. Died March 8th, 1876, aged twenty-five years. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN."

Ghosts on Trial

By Antiquarian

A GOOD many queer things have happened to ghosts at one time or another, but only on one occasion in the world's history, I believe, have they been put on trial in a specially convened court of law.

One summer's day in the year 1000 A.D.—the Eyrbyggja Saga reveals—a ship appeared off the cape of Snoefellness, in Iceland. She seemed to be waiting for a breeze which would take her up to the settlement of Dögvertharness, up the fjörd. Some Icelanders rowed out to her, to barter produce for the trading goods which those old-time vessels used to carry. They found that she had come from Ireland. Most of the people on board were Irish and Hebrides islanders; a few were Norsemen.

Gossiping with the Icelanders, the crew pointed out a woman named Thorgunna. "She is from the Hebrides," they said. "She has got some wonderful clothes and needleworked things in her boxes. You have nothing in Iceland like them!"

When the Icelanders returned to shore they told their womenfolk about Thorgunna; and Thurida, a woman of Frodriver, determined to have a look at those fine things. She promptly rowed out to the becalmed ship and spoke to Thorgunna, who refused to barter, but was wheedled into letting her have a peep at her treasures.

Thurida, however, was rather disappointed. She made a definite offer for one or two of the things, but Thorgunna repeated that she did not wish to part with them. "Well, why not land here instead of waiting until the ship gets up the fjörd?" suggested Thurida, hospitably. "We will give you lodging, if you care to stay with us for a few days."

The lady from the Hebrides thanked her and went ashore with her luggage. When she was shown the alcove leading off the farm living-room, which was to be her bedroom, she produced from one of her chests some beautifully embroidered bed-linen and a silken

coverlet. From another chest she took curtains and tapestry hangings and arranged them round her couch.

Thurida was not pleased at this display, and asked if she might place one of the beautiful things over her own bed, but the guest rudely refused.

Thurida's daily round of toil was working at the loom, except in haymaking time, when she went forth into the fields and stacked her own hay. It was a wet summer that year and a lot of the crop had not yet been cut. A very fine day came at last, and everyone turned out for haymaking. The guest helped, too, but did not rake her hay into cocks like the rest of them. The sky suddenly blackened in the afternoon and there was a heavy shower of rain that left a curious red stain. This stain disappeared from all the hay except Thorgunna's. Thurida was distressed about it, and Thorgunna shook her head ominously, declaring that this was an evil omen for the household.

That very evening Thorgunna fell ill. Next morning she told her host, Thurida's husband, that she thought she was going to die. She asked him to take her body to Skalholt and arrange for the priests there to chant over her tomb. To Thurida she bequeathed her red robe, to the church her gold ring. Her sheets and silken coverlet, her tapestry, curtains, and beautiful needlework were to be burned, lest jealousy and quarrels should arise over their possession.

The lady from the Hebrides died. Thorodd, her hostess's husband, made a heap of brushwood and placed the coverlet, tapestries, and the rest of the things on it. Thurida imagined that he was merely airing them, and when she saw him about to set fire to the heap she thought he had gone crazy. She would not allow it. There was a great wrangle, and at last a compromise was reached. The pillow and sheets were burned, as a sort of insurance against misfortune befalling in consequence of the promise made by Thorodd to Thorgunna, but Thurida took possession of all the best things.

The transport of the body toward Skalholt next day was accompanied by many mishaps. The horse floundered time and again into deep patches of bog. Dusk had fallen when Thorodd reached the bank of the swift

river Huita, and he dared not attempt to ford it. The neighbouring farmer was churlish and would not put him up for the night until there had been a lengthy argument. At last he allowed him to lie down on the floor just inside the door, and to leave the horse and Thorgunna's body in an outhouse, but he would not give him a bite to eat after the hard day's journey.

Soon after the household had gone to bed, sounds of jugs and platters being moved were heard from the larder. One of the servants investigated the noise and found the dead Thorgunna arranging a meal there. He fled back to bed.

Presently in came the ghost and set supper on the table, while the household cowered in the shadows. Then it returned to the outhouse. Everyone was very cordial and hospitable to Thorodd after that.

The body reached Skalholt safely, and the ring was handed over to the priests, as Thorgunna had wished. She was buried in holy soil.

But no sooner had Thorodd and his men got home than a mysterious patch of greenish light appeared on the farmhouse wall and travelled slowly round it. It reappeared next morning, and the next, and the next. Everyone was very upset; and the bailiff shook his head gloomily, declaring that it boded death to somebody.

One evening, shortly afterwards, a shepherd came in, muttering in a distraught manner and paying no attention to what was said to him. Next morning he was found dead in his bed. He was buried in the nearest churchyard, but his ghost came back and wrestled with the bailiff one night on the doorstep, and threw him. He died of his injuries a few days later. No sooner had he been buried, however, than his ghost, too, began to be seen about the place with that of the shepherd.

After that, ghosts began to appear thick and fast. Six of the farm servants died, one after the other, and the wraith of each returned to haunt the place.

Other strange things happened. A stack of dried cod, in an alcove near the door, upset all over the floor, without cause. A seal's head rose out of the floor of the hall and rolled its eyes toward the bed curtains of Thorgunna, which ought to have been burned, according to her

wish. A servant girl and a youth struck at it with sticks, but at each stroke it rose higher, until at last the neck and front fins appeared. But Kiartan, the twelve-year-old son of Thorodd the farmer, beat it back with an iron hammer and drove it into the floor again.

The morning after the portent of the seal's head came news that Thorodd and seven of his men who had been out fishing all night had been lost at sea. Their empty boat drove ashore near Enni.

Thurida and little Kiartan gave a funeral feast. Vacant seats were left for the dead men. No sooner had the guests entered than there was a noise of stamping and shuffling feet in the porch, and in came Thorodd and the rest of the drowned men, dripping wet. They sat before the fire, paying no heed to anyone, and when the fire went out they left. This happened for several evenings. Then one evening they were joined by the ghosts of the bailiff and the six servants.

Family life is awkward with fifteen ghosts sitting round the fire; so Thurida, Kiartan, and the servants went into the next room for the rest of the evening. Next evening the fire in this room was lit—but in trooped the ghosts and took all the best places. The following evening the servants made a splendid fire in each of the two rooms; fortunately the ghosts all kept together in one, while the family occupied the other.

Now trouble began again in the dried fish alcove, and there was an exciting scene when out of the fish appeared a long tail like that of a cow, but softer and covered with seal fur. Everyone caught hold of it and tried to pull it out, but it was suddenly whisked out of their hands, taking the skin off their palms. Then it disappeared.

The bailiff's widow died, and so did all the men and women who had seen the tail. When the guest from the Hebrides arrived, there were thirty servants at the farm. In a few weeks there were seven.

Something had to be done about it.

Kiartan went off to consult his uncle, Snurri the Patriarch, a very wise man who lived at Helgafell. Snurri sent him back accompanied by a wise priest well versed in legal matters, his own son Thord Kausi, and six men. Snurri's orders to the priest were to convene a court at

the door of the haunted farm, charge the ghosts formally with their evil haunting, sentence them to banishment, sprinkle the farmhouse with holy water, shrive the surviving servants—and burn all those things of Thorgunna's which the avaricious Thurida had taken possession of.

The cavalcade was joined by numbers of people in the course of its journey. It arrived at Frodriver on Candlemas Day, in the evening, just after the fires had been lighted and the ghosts had taken the best seats in the best room. Thurida was ill in bed.

Kiartan collected all the curtains, embroideries, and bedclothes of the ill-starred woman from the Hebrides and flung them on the fire.

The court was then convened at the front door of the farmhouse. The priest presided as judge, and Kiartan charged the bailiff's ghost with entering the house without permission and bringing sickness and death to its occupants. Snurri's son charged the late farmer with the same offence. Then, one after another, all the ghosts were summoned by name and the charge read to each in turn. The plaintiffs stated their case, and called witnesses to testify to its truth. Each ghost was asked what he or she had to say, and as no reply was made, sentence of banishment was pronounced. Then, and only then, did the ghosts depart. The priest sprinkled the rooms and walls with holy water and sang Mass. Thurida recovered her health, and the farm was troubled no more.

Angles

By D. M. Thornton

I BREAKFASTED out of doors on the morning after my arrival at Brusson, on a patch of pebbly ground that was all that intervened between the hotel and a field of silky grass, moon daisies and tall campanulas, white and blue. The seven mountains that ringed this valley in Savoy lifted beautiful barren heads into the thin golden air; countless streams tumbled down them to meander through the green growth of the valley.

Immediately in front of me were three women; daughter, mother, and grandmother, I thought; and learnt afterwards that I was right. The old woman, who had a slightly martial air about her, was knitting, and seemed lost in the movements of her long black needles; the middle-aged woman, a waning beauty, was reading, but I did not think that she found much to interest her in her Tauchnitz novel; and the girl, a pretty stripling who looked about sixteen, was writing. She had pushed the debris and china from her breakfast into an untidy heap in front of her; there was just room for her writing-pad in the space thus cleared; she sat on the edge of a small iron chair, and scribbled away very quickly in pencil.

Presently she looked up.

"I've told Sally all about it," she said.

"All about what?" asked the middle-aged woman.

"About the Heddons. He went away last night, François told me. She said . . ."

"I should have thought you could have found something more interesting to write about."

"Oh, mother. . . ."

The irritation in her voice seemed to rouse the old woman, who looked up from her knitting, and said, "Why did you bother to tell her, Christine?"

"Grannie, it was so romantic."

Her grandmother moved her knitting farther from her, and looked at it severely. "Oh, it was romantic, was it?" she said.

And that was the first I heard of the Heddon affair, but not the last.

. . . . .

I soon got on speaking terms with the three women to whose conversation I had listened; and a day or two afterwards I went for a walk with the young girl, Chris Clayton.

Our hotel, which was the only one in Brusson, was also the only building of any size, except the church; the rest were cottages with high, steep roofs, jutting well over thick stone walls, for in winter Brusson is snow-bound. After we had passed through the village, we took a path which crossed the valley and then wound round the highest of the mountains, through a pinewood, into another valley which was almost completely covered with a lake. The water reflected the trees and mountains; it seemed as if this stretch of country had given up the attempt to compete with the neighbouring beauty, and had decided to become a mirror.

We had eaten our hard-boiled eggs and cheese, and were starting our fruit course, when Chris said, "It was just here that I saw them together for the first time."

"Saw who?" I said.

"Mrs. Heddon and Mr. Carey."

I made an encouraging sound, and hoped that she would go on.

She did. "You know, when I saw her first, I thought she was . . . well, I didn't really think about her at all; she seemed, you know . . . sort of ordinary, and quite old."

"And wasn't she old?"

"Well, yes; that was the funny part. She was, because she told me; she was thirty-five."

"I see, quite old. But why was that funny?"

"Why, because. . . . Haven't you heard about it?"

I shook my head.

Chris laughed; rather an uncertain laugh.

"You know, I believe mother thinks I'm rather vulgar, taking so much interest in it. But I'm not, really. One can't help being interested, can one?"

"I can't," I answered.

"You see, as I said, at first I thought her, just sort of —well, just another person. They *are* dull, aren't they, people in hotels?"

"They seem so; it's the lack of their natural background, I think."

"Oh, I never thought of that. And anyhow, I don't think *her* natural background would have made her interesting. She lived right in the country—Bedfordshire, or one of those dull counties—and parished and gardened. She used to talk gardening to mother before—well, before it all began to happen. And that day . . . I was all by myself, and I sat over there by those boulders and watched them. She was quite different. I can't explain. Sort of alive, somehow."

"Perhaps he. . . . Carey, was he called? Perhaps Mr. Carey was her natural background."

"Oh, no, because they'd only known each other a few days then. And besides, she had a husband, a parson, at home in Bedfordshire."

"I see. And in what way did she seem to have come alive?"

"Oh, well, it's so difficult. She had no hat on. She always used to put a hat on even to go up the road to post a letter; and she'd taken off her shoes and stockings. She had pretty feet; I saw that when I went to ask them the time. I didn't really want to know the time—I never do; but I felt somehow—well, after watching them for a bit—that I ought to let them know I was there or else go away. And I didn't want to go away. It was funny; I don't quite know why I felt like that. I think it was because they seemed so very much alone, sort of; it didn't seem quite fair.

"They were very nice to me; they gave me some fruit—I hadn't brought any lunch; and then I paddled with her in the lake for a bit. He was sketching; rather a dull sketch, I thought—just some pines. He kept calling to her not to go out too far; the lake gets suddenly deep, you know; it's rather dangerous. She was laughing and talking all the time; sort of sparkling, I thought. Her hair—she was shingled, but it was rather long, like yours, something—looked all springy. It was very dark, black almost, with lots of silver in it; but it didn't

seem to make her look older—the silver bits, I mean; at least, not then.

"I had to go back quite soon; I knew mother would be worrying; she is always worrying, you know; and I hadn't meant to stay out so long. But they stayed, because he had to finish his sketch.

"And then, that night—you know, I sleep in the annexe; and it's lovely, because no one ever bothers to lock the door; so at night, when everyone's asleep, I go out sometimes; and that's when I love the mountains, and everything. All the day, with everyone going on about them, they seem—well, tiresome, in a way; but at night, when I'm all alone . . . they don't mind just me.

"Well, I went out that night, across the bridge and up a little bit, to where that big rose-coloured saxifrage grows. I wanted to see it all by itself, in the night. And it was marvellous; bright moonlight, and no lights in the hotel; and in the village, just one light, in old Dubois's window. He's very ill, you know. I expect someone was sitting up with him.

"It was very solemn; I felt, well, sort of little; and then I saw them coming along the road to the hotel, walking hand in hand. They slept in the annexe, too; she in a room next to me, and he in a large room on the ground floor—a sort of studio. They weren't talking; just walking slowly along; and they seemed well, right, somehow; anyone else would have spoilt it all. You know what I mean?"

"Yes; I think I know what you mean."

"I stayed up there till there was a light in each of their windows," she went on; "I didn't want to barge into them again.

"And then, in a day or two, he went away. She got quite different then—so quiet, and, in a sort of way, as if she wasn't there at all. Not the sort of quiet she was before, it wasn't. I think she went for long walks all day by herself. I never saw her except at dinner; and then she pretended to read all the time, but she hardly ever turned a page, because I watched. I don't quite see what there was about him to make her—well, go off the deep end like that, you know; he wasn't tall; strong-

looking, though, with high, broad shoulders; he wore spectacles, and had very bushy eyebrows. I liked him; he knew all about the birds and flowers in these parts, and he told me lots.

"One day in church—we're Catholics, you know, mother and I; not grannie. I'd been to confession, and I was just coming away when I saw her kneeling and praying like mad; I couldn't see her face, but you know the sort of look people have about them when they're praying hard. I was surprised, because, of course, she wasn't a Catholic; but I suppose she thought any church was better than none, being so unhappy and everything.

"And then he came back. I suppose he couldn't stand it without her, and she certainly didn't seem to like it much without him. And then they went away together; and people began to talk like anything; people are silly, I think. And a day or two afterwards, *he* arrived; her husband, Mr. Heddon, you know. It was funny in a way; he'd come as a surprise for her; but then, really, he got more of a surprise himself—finding her gone, I mean, like that.

"Well, it *was* interesting, rather, wasn't it? You know, I don't think I believed much in love before; I thought it was just one of those things that people go on about; but now. . . . It wasn't just their going off together. It was the way they looked, and all that, you know. I think there must be something in it, don't you?"

"Something in what?"

"Why, in love."

. . . . . .

I was starting for a stroll that evening after the early dinner at the hotel, when Mrs. Clayton, Chris's mother, asked if she might join me. She began at once to speak of Mrs. Heddon and Mr. Carey.

"I suppose Chris told you about that affair," she said, and went on without waiting for an answer. "I can't think why the child has taken such an interest in it. It is most unfortunate. I have always been so careful of her. To think that one can't bring a young girl to stay at a quiet hotel like this, without letting her in for meeting such people. Why, we were quite intimate with

Mrs. Heddon at first. She seemed a nice person—a parson's wife from Bedfordshire. She had been ill, I believe, and sent out here for a change. She told us all about her husband's parish, and the work she did there, and her garden. Nothing could have been more ordinary, and—and suitable. My mother liked her particularly. And then she began going about with Mr. Carey—an artist of sorts, I believe. I can't blame him so much; when a woman makes a dead set at a man—well, of course, he was very wrong; but she was far worse. What he saw in her, I don't know. She must have been thirty-eight, if she was a day; and as for looks—just a pair of big grey eyes, and curly hair, always rather untidy.

"At first after this—this intimacy—began, she seemed to be always laughing. She looked years younger all of a sudden; made herself up, I suppose. We met them one day when we went to the village down the river, St. Loo. It appeared that they had started at dawn, and gone up some mountain together. When we came up to them, she was rearranging the pack on his back; they might have been married for years.

"They asked us to join them at tea; I couldn't very well refuse, there is only that one café at St. Loo; and, of course, I had no idea then how disgracefully the matter was going to end, though I can't say I liked the looks of it from the beginning. She behaved like a schoolgirl; quite lost her head; *tête montée*, I suppose, from his attentions. To anyone who had known . . . any woman, I mean, used to admiration . . . I couldn't help feeling her a little pathetic; she had led a very dull life, I expect, from that point of view. They were always together after that; I kept on meeting them; sometimes not speaking a word, and with that stupid radiant look about them—it always maddens me.

"And then he went away; tried to escape, I suppose; and she looked like a dying duck in a thunderstorm. I began to feel quite sorry for her; when one has known. . . . I mean, one can always sympathize, I hope. I asked her to go for a picnic; stopped her in the lounge one evening, and told her what we had planned for the next day. She seemed quite flustered; muttered something about not being up to much of a walk—not feeling very well.

And then she went off; but in a moment she was back again, to thank me for my kindness, and to hope that she hadn't seemed rude. Stupid, awkward creature!

"And then, of course, he came back. She managed that, I suppose. He arrived just after dinner, by the day train from Paris. He'd been back to his studio there. She was having coffee in the hall, bent over a book, as usual. He went up to her at once, as if she was the only thing or person in the hotel. I was quite near, and I couldn't help but hear. He said, 'I've come back,' and she looked up with a great start; and for once I really saw someone go as white as a sheet, and then, well, as red as a rose; and she gasped out, 'Roger!' Just like a man, of course, to arrive there suddenly before everyone; she evidently didn't expect him just then. I could have found it in my heart to pity her, but she was such a little fool—a wicked, silly little fool. He sat down by her, and began to talk rather loudly about his journey, and how he'd got through his business sooner than he had hoped.

"They went away together next day, quite openly; a disgraceful affair. Actually—do you know?—they left their addresses, one after the other, Mrs. Heddon and Mr. Carey, at the same hotel. . . . somewhere on the Italian lakes. I saw it in the book when I was looking for the address of a friend who had left some weeks before. Shameless!"

"It doesn't really seem to make it any worse," I said, "if they were going anyhow. They'd want their letters forwarded——"

I don't think she heard me. She said in a moment: "And now they're together in Italy—happy."

Her voice was miserably bitter.

"I expect it's chequered," I suggested. "They were neither of them in their first youth apparently."

"Chequered?" She repeated the word mechanically, as if it had reached her without context, in some grim region where she walked alone.

"Their happiness," I said.

"Happiness? Abominable!" she answered.

. . . . .

Next morning I found old Mrs. Montgomery, Chris's grandmother, sitting by herself outside the hotel, knitting

a rudimentary something in gaily-coloured wools. She was counting stitches, so I was silent, as I sat down in the chair near her. She acknowledged my presence with a movement of her head, but did not speak for a minute or two; and then she said: "Most annoying, her going off like that."

"Who?" I asked.

"Mrs. Heddon. She had promised to see me through this jersey, or jumper, as I believe they call them nowadays, and I can't get on with it alone. A complicated pattern—and the child wants it."

"It's for Chris?"

"No, for my daughter, Mrs. Clayton. I shall certainly have to rip it back to here." She did so, and then proceeded to rewind the rippled wool.

Unhampered by the simplicity of this task, she began to speak again. "A tiresome business. That Mr. Heddon came and talked to me before he went away. A dull dog; a dull, flabbergasted dog. He asked my advice. Someone had told him that I had been friendly with her. Advice! You don't give advice any more when you're as old as me—unless you're that particular sort of fool. *She* asked my advice, too. I told her that no one could help her; she had to make up her mind for herself. A pleasant woman. I really felt quite sorry for her." She paused, and then: "My daughter has talked to you about it all, I expect?"

"Yes," I said.

"A pity she doesn't put it out of her head. It has upset her again; I can see that. I had hoped she was quite over that affair. Five years ago now . . . oh, well, it takes time."

She fell to puzzling over her knitting once more. Some ducks that were paddling about at the edge of the river that ran near the hotel quacked loudly; and a triumphant shout of victory came from the tennis courts.

Mrs. Montgomery sighed. "It's hopeless. I shall have to give it up, I suppose; and then I shall be out of a job. These love affairs . . . most unsettling. Was that the bell for *déjeuner*, my dear?"

The Greek Statue

By Edward Snelson

ALONG the Grecian gallery
We strolled delighted, you and I;
And as the opening wonder grew
Your eyes within,
I thought yon marble noted you
And marked her kin.

A girl of frozen flesh and blood
In beauty's nakedness she stood,
The Queen of Earth, as you are queen,
And wisely sad,
Bearing the same heart-breaking mien
You always had.

I listened, if her lips might speak
And whisper in their liquid Greek
How once she swore to love for aye
Yon lad alone,
But now, for ever and a day
Loves splendid stone:

And in her faultless dignity
Gazing unmoved on destiny
Might watch our answering eyes to know
What tales we tell;
And, dead two thousand years ago,
Wish our love well.

The Seeker

By G. Rostrevor Hamilton

THOUGH his eyes cry to him, he turns, he leaves
The familiar land they show.
They cry to him in vain. His spirit grieves.
From the old snare that visible beauty weaves
His wandering steps go.

This is not Beauty's self. He, malcontent,
Must seek in the wayless dark
Where she is hidden, though his life be spent
In a wild dreaming and bewilderment,
And the night close stark.

Poor mole! say comfortable men, reclined
At rest—O fools, secure
In easy beauty, tunnelling he shall find
Some brighter light to which your eyes are blind,
Beyond your wealth sure.

Even the flowers are dreamed in a dark Earth:
By what impossible spell
What loveliest dewy landscapes out of dearth,
What new Jerusalems have leapt to birth,
Dreamed in a dark cell!

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

A Slump in Democracy

"Another Mussolini," remarked Heddle, looking up from his paper.

"Good," commented Sergeant Murphy. "He's practisin' what he's preachin'. He says Italy wants population and——"

"I don't mean that," interrupted Heddle. "I mean another dictator. This King Alexander of——"

"I get you. Juggo-Slavia you mean. A fine man."

"They're all going the same way," continued Heddle. "Italy, Poland, Turkey, Spain—Parliaments don't count nowadays."

"That's the wan thing they do," replied the Sergeant. "They count heads. And from what I hear of the lot King Alexander has booted out, they're no loss. What's a Parliament, annyhow?"

"We'd look funny without one."

"Maybe we would. Though I don't know that the man in the sthreet like you and me would care two hoots. Thirty years ago, Heddle, a big debate in Parliament was a front page story in a newspaper. Banner headlines and what not. Now unless Jack Jones calls somewan a liar or the Speaker has to finger the Mace in a menacin' style to keep ordher, the Parliamentary report goes on an inside page along with the description of Miss Camisole's exhibition of pasteel paintin's at the Woburn Galleries. That shows what editors think of Parliament, and editors think always with the minds of their registhered readers.

"And mind you, we're old hands at the Parliamentary game. We had min marchin' into lobbies to vote at a time whin a Juggo couldn't tell a Slav from a Hottentot.

"Now I've soldiered with thim Serbian Slavs. Good fightin' min. With a couple of thim I'd guarantee to clear anny saloon bar in a measured thirty seconds. A kindly primitive race, they jog along wishin' harm to none, except whin the old man for practice has a pot shot with a rifle at his nearest Bulgarian neighbour.

"But givin' a Serb the vote is like handin' a crossword puzzle to a mule. He doesn't know what it's for. He

makes his mark on a piece of paper wherever he's told to, and isn't sure whether he's enterin' for a lottery or securin' an eximption from vaccination. Now what sort of Parliament is a fellah like that goin' to elect?

"I'm a dimmocrat meself, Heddle, in theery. I wouldn't thrust me own brother to dictate me movemints. But I'm beginnin' to wonder if dimmocracy hasn't timporarily outgrown its strinth.

"It's this way, Heddle. The theery of represintative governmint holds only as long as the voter knows what he's votin' for. Be rights he ought to be as intelligint as the man that represints him. But how the divil is a man that has his livin' to earn goin' to learn the facts about the thousand and wan things that give Governmints sleepless nights? Is the Bank of England sound as regards bar silver? How many cruisers ought Siam to lay down this year? Is the quota for Armenian immigrants into Iceland a fair wan? Should the hot-dog industhry be safeguarded? How the blazes do I know, or you know, or Higgins the undertaker know? And we can't tell if the fellah we're puttin' into Parliament has the right answer or anny answer at all. The only thing we can do is put a question to him about somethin' we undherstand—credit bettin' or the sale of dogfish after 8. If the answer is the wan we want, he goes forward with our blessing. If not, we join the other meetin'.

"Now if it's that way with us, what's it like with a crowd of fellahs that never stir from their native valleys except for a homicide picnic? Imagine their Parliaments!

"No wonder anny decent-lookin' dictator that comes along gets the verdict every time."

"That's one thing about us," said Heddle. "We won't have a dictator in this country."

"You don't know. Wait till you see the Parliament you get whin the full flapper vote is in action. You may be the first to shout for a dictator."

"Not likely," said Heddle. "Anyhow we haven't a dictator."

"Haven't we? Let the crowd invite Winston Churchill, and he'd spit on his hands and take the job on tomorrow. But there's a sthronger power still. Sure it's started dictatin' already."

"What's that?"

"The B.B.C.," replied Sergeant Murphy.

A Gage Thrown Down

By Horace Shipp

Journey's End. By R. C. Sherriff. (Savoy.)
The Lady with a Lamp. By Reginald Berkeley. (Garrick.)
The Chinese Bungalow. By Marion Osmond and James Corbet. (Duke of York's.)

SOMEONE should invent a chart whereby we could record the rise and fall of intelligence in the London theatre, complete with a comparative device for marking profit and loss. Whereupon we might have some system for theatrical management such as is occasionally brought into play at the rather less risky gaming tables of Monte Carlo. I myself, an inveterate gambler on ideals, have long held the belief that dividends and drivel are not necessarily synonymous, and have pointed to the fact that within the last five years Ibsen, Tchehov, Shaw, and Galsworthy, to mention but four of the first line, have proved box-office successes; and that, on the other hand, much money has been lost as well as made upon the tenth-rate stuff. Having thus neatly cancelled out, it remains only to challenge the managements in the name of the lip-service which even the worst of them will pay to good drama, and so to break down this superstition of the rewards of rottenness.

At the moment the theatrical index is soaring. At its highest we have Mr. Maurice Browne's challenging season opening at the Savoy with *Journey's End*. Challenging it truly is; for Mr. Browne has declared his faith in the existence of a public ready to support the best drama, and has started this season with the avowed intention of producing plays for people with adult intelligence. Linked with his London work he plans to found a country experimental school, and to this end Miss Ellen van Volkenburg, whose name was associated with his in the production of *The Unknown Warrior*, is studying methods in America. Mr. Browne even declares his faith in the existence of good plays, and his first choice

is interesting in this respect. We have grown accustomed to the advanced theatre advancing all too discreetly from the safe base of the work of long-accepted dramatists; we have grown even more used to the idea that intelligent drama is an imported product, until some of us have jeopardized a reputation for international broad-mindedness by asking whether there is not something worthy attention in our own language. In publicly producing this fine play, which the Stage Society first showed to us, Mr. Browne is thus going all out for the right and the daring thing. The piece has the great element of sincerity which makes for beauty at the point where truth and beauty establish contact. One saw it in Mr. Browne's own memorable production of *The Unknown Warrior*, and in that great play, Mr. Ackerley's *Prisoners of War*: strangely dissimilar things these, yet subtly in harmony.

The putting before us of such work constitutes a challenge. Do we, as audience, care enough for English drama and the English theatre to determine consciously to support the effort? or shall we confess our preference for mentally cheap thrills and sex twaddle plays, calculated to gratify the minds of the readers of penny dreadfuls and twopenny novelettes? Mr. Browne did a marvellous pioneer work for the intelligent theatre in America as the founder of the Little Theatre movement; his return to work in England is a call to all of us who believe that there are still standards of values in English drama and on the English stage. It is "up to" us to justify his faith.

Happily the Savoy season is not the only straw betokening the direction of the theatrical wind. Another play, graduating this time from the Arts Theatre (which is doing such good work as a testing-house for drama), has established itself in the West End. Captain Reginald Berkeley's *The Lady with a Lamp* again has a fine quality about it, and that quality is carried to assured success by the acting of Miss Edith Evans. How worth-while is this study of one of the great pioneer women of the world, this drama of conflict between a woman's urge to service and the prejudices of her day! Captain Berkeley's play has a sense of the theatre, yet a sense of nobility which avoids sentimentality and melodrama. Florence

Nightingale has suffered from both until Sir Edward Cook's biographical study gave us the truth about her; this play and Miss Evans's acting in it are in key with that truth.

One other play of promise, again biographical, will have been produced before this article is printed—Miss Ramsay's *Byron*. The fact that it is bringing Mr. Esmé Percy to the West End is itself a promise.

Again there is the hope that Mr. Philip Ridgeway will find a theatre to start his Tchehov season. Mr. Ridgeway, whose swings are Tchehov and whose roundabouts are rather drivelling musical comedy, could supply useful and interesting statistics for our proposed theatrical calculator. And yet again Mr. Ernest Milton has at last secured a theatre—the Queen's—for his long-promised West End production of Pirandello's *Henry IV*, under the title of *The Mock Emperor*. The most dramatic of the Italian master's plays, it can claim a foremost place in the theatre of adult intelligence.

All this stands to the credit side of the theatre. Over against it one has to write Mr. Matheson Lang's expensive chinoiserie, *The Chinese Bungalow*. Not that it is bad. It is spectacular, it has a few genuine thrills, it has some fine acting, and Mr. Lang himself is always worth seeing. But, frankly, it is twaddle; theatre-stuff about impossible people in impossible situations. Even while we are allowing ourselves to accept those situations, one errant part of the mind of any intelligent person is in revolt; and towards the end of the play, when the authors themselves lose grip, not even Mr. Matheson Lang's stoic death scene can save it. That it is all well-staged and expensively produced adds to the pity of it. Thousands of pounds and enormous efforts are expended on this sort of stuff, because it is assumed that this is what the public want, what the public mind is fitted for. I am optimistic enough to believe that the drama of intelligent ideas stands more chance of success; and it is for those of us who still retain standards of value in English literature and drama to see that it does.

Books

FICTION

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Secker. 7s. 6d.

AT last the war has produced a long and satisfying book, rich in the most varied types. It is the work of a Silesian playwright, who was engaged on the German side and on several fronts, and is the middle member of a promised trilogy. It does not deal with the actual fighting, which will presumably figure in the preceding story of Verdun, but it gives a wonderful picture of the West Russian front and the life of a large centre of military activity with its petty intrigues and jealousies. Here are generals ruthless or absurdly kind to inferiors, tradesmen and literary men turned officers, doctors, parsons, nurses, servants and "wanglers," Jews and illicit traders, and last, not least, the common soldier. He is pictured at length, and the mass of detail, which seems at first a little overwhelming, is characteristic of the German thought and mind, that iron code of Prussian rules which makes men mere machines to carry out everything "according to plan." But the stress of war is relieved by some idyllic touches when the sun shines and lovers can find some rare leisure. In one or two passages the author seems concerned to over-emphasize the ironies of fate, which are clear enough.

The story is admirably arranged round the central figure. Grischa, a Russian soldier, at work in Poland as a prisoner under the Germans in 1917, decided to escape. He got away and after a cold but idyllic time in a forest, set off home and was captured. But now he posed as a deserter under another name, and would have been shot at once if he had not insisted on his real personality and been enabled by sympathetic authorities to prove it. Even so, his case went to a high organizing brain of the army, and he was shot for political reasons, in spite of all the efforts made to save him. He cannot read, but he is clever with his hands, and attractive both to men and women. Everybody likes him, but he is crushed in the huge machine, tired, as times goes on, of being a "doormat" to be trodden on. He is a Russian, too, and the great organizing general at the top cares nothing for foreign idiosyncrasies:

> In his work nothing troubled him so little as the wishes, views, and traditions of the population. He, Schieffenzahn, understood what was good for these gentry much better than they did themselves. He looked on them as not yet of age, and in need of guidance.

Doubts and murmurs about the gross waste of life—"vast movements of troops mainly with the object of securing . . . small heaps of sand, at the cost of hundreds of young lives"—increase

in the war-weariness of 1917, and chances of amusement or distraction—a cigar or a woman—are seized while life lasts. Sexual freedom, however, does not take on the disgusting importance some war writers have attributed to it. Humour and the official who purposely looks the other way relieve the sordid muddle, and more than one high officer takes the trouble to be humane. The German soldier is variously described as "neither good, nor bad," and as possessing "intellectual honesty," a virtue which must have had a severe trial under the Kaiser's regime. The dose of Jewish mysticism supplied is a little oppressive, but the protest of suffering and understanding humanity, well exhibited in the final incident, shines through the book.

If Herr Zweig can do as well with the fighting before Verdun, and the agreeable young officer who is to be the hero of the final book, he will have erected a real masterpiece of enduring significance. V. R.

THE SPACIOUS ADVENTURES OF THE MAN IN THE STREET. By EIMAR O'DUFFY. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE adventures began when the soul of an Irish grocer's assistant was thrust out of his body and went wandering about space until it reached a new planet and acquired a dead man's person to cover it. The details of the life of the Ratheans offer a perpetual satire on the defects of civilization as we know it. They have no money, an odd religion in which they do not believe, a strong dislike for eating, and rules for the general good directly opposed to the doctrine of "getting on." With them science and mathematics are ruled by convention and the professors insist that six sixes are thirty-eight. The irony of it all is brilliantly done, and, just as one might tire of the Ratheans, the traveller is led to visit other tribes and systems, in particular Harpaxe, which is a devastating parody of a mechanized life with slave-workers, dominant money-makers and "good-time" girls. The proper names used, such as "Snikmot," remind us of "Erewhon"; but the author's fancies are his own and most of them go right to the point with trenchant comparisons. Ireland is still supreme in imagination and seems to write beautiful prose naturally.

DEATH IN VENICE. By THOMAS MANN. Translated by H. T. LOWE-PORTER. Secker. 7s. 6d.

THIS book contains three stories. In the first, a distinguished man of letters falls in love with a boy of singular beauty, follows him but never speaks to him, and finds his death in plague-haunted Venice. In the next, a man of letters is greatly attracted by a consumptive lady, rebuked by her Philistine husband, and scared

by their Philistine child. The third shows a poet wandering about, like the man of the first story, because he is never happy with himself, never certain what to do. He, too, fails to bring his early romance to fulfilment. The stories are very effective in their detail. The book, like other foreign work, is a remarkable study in the psychology of the artist. One might gather from it that literature is a morbid secretion and abhors health. Or shall we say with Renan?

> That strange disease, that unresting study of the self, that demon of scrupulosity, that fever of perfection, are all signs of a nature with more distinction than strength.

The three tortured figures have gained the gift of seeing and expressing, but at what a price! They envy the simple directness of the bourgeois, while they deride his lack of expression. A thing seen for them is only so much possible "copy"; they recall Hamlet, who, after the ghost's revelation, must bring out his tablets to generalize on it. They wander through life and fail, because their art has made them thoroughly unnatural, full of vision, but wavering and incompetent in action.

THE MAYOR AND OTHER FOLKS. By GEORGE BICKERSTAFF. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a collection of stories, or rather studies of divers personalities that had their being, for the most part, in a well-disguised cathedral city, which we are tempted to identify with Canterbury, until mention is made of a view of distant Welsh mountains.

The first tells of a highly-respected adventurer who, on the strength of five or six capital stories of Australian life, a wide philanthropy, modest reticence as to himself and the prompt settlement of small local accounts, so far won the hearts of his shrewd fellow-citizens as to be chosen mayor. Others deal with a science master, a head master, and a Roman Catholic priest, while, most thoughtful of all, perhaps, is that entitled "The Soul of a Country Boy." All are set forth in the sober, detached, often ironical manner of an old inhabitant taking a "backward glance o'er travelled roads," and realizing the true merits and demerits of men and things, which the stress of the moment had temporarily obscured. The book has distinction and is delightfully unmodern.

THEOLOGY

RELIGION AND ITS NEW TESTAMENT EXPRESSION. By H. BULCOCK. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

THIS able and interesting series of lectures is a good example of the advance from Fundamentalism modern thought has made. Some knowledge of philosophy is desirable to appreciate the author's argument; but the "general thoughtful reader," to

whom the book is addressed, will find technical language reduced to a minimum. The limitations of the New Testament as a Life of Christ, and the presence of matter due to the theological elaborations of the early Church, are frankly affirmed. Mysticism, which has many increasing adherents today, is evident in the Fourth Gospel, and the question is raised whether Christ was really a mystic, this side of Him being missed by the practical St. Mark. St. Paul's knowledge of mystery cults is now generally recognized. The divergences in the Infancy stories are held to testify to an early tradition which may in itself be quite unhistorical. The story of the Resurrection, however, is accepted substantially as literal and authentic, but not as necessary to vital faith any more than the miracles. The "essential values of Jesus" are "in the beauty and appeal of His life and message." His moral and spiritual supremacy is held to invite and compel speculation of our own. Religion is declared to be "primarily a matter of spiritual experience, attitude, and will, rather than of arguments and intellectual propositions." Though the author's attitude will shock many believers, it may well also be, as he claims, "in the broad sense, evangelical and helpful to faith," especially among those who think that too much prominence is given to dogma. The references to literature are welcome, for this is a kind of culture the clergy should not forgo.

JESUS AS HE WAS. By F. M. BLAKISTON. Williams and Norgate. 6s.

MR. BLAKISTON has taken on the difficult task of suggesting what Christ would have said concerning important points which are not raised or doubtfully touched in the Gospels, though they have to be faced by every thinking man. He takes the view that our conceptions of Christ are bound to develop with the years :—

> "Back to Christ" is a good call. But we must be sure we know what we mean. If we mean that we can only be true to Him if we refuse any testimony except what, after vigorous criticism, we may recover of the earliest record, then I think we are doing what neither analogy nor experience justify [justifies].

So he seeks to discover what Christ would have thought on such subjects as "The Sexes," "The Sciences," and "The Arts." His treatment by inference seems to us reasonable and good, and he is to be preferred as an expositor to those who fill in the Gospel outlines with sheer sentimentalism. But he need not have perpetuated a foolish misquotation of Milton.

ERASMUS THE REFORMER : A STUDY IN RESTATEMENT. By LEONARD E. BINNS. Second Edition. Methuen. 5s.

IT is a pleasure to see any work by a scholar in a second edition. Dr. Binns is both learned and practical. These Hulsean

lectures make a short book, but they are full of matter and amount to a plea for the methods of Erasmus rather than Luther in the reform of the Church. Erasmus was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and capable, as it seemed to his contemporaries, of dangerous levity. But he was a real reformer who saw the excesses and disgraces of the time, and he had a marked influence on the English Church in the sixteenth century. He also played a moderating part in the Reformation on the Continent, though Luther, once his admirer, ended by denouncing him.

The defects of Protestantism are shown to be neglect and ignorance of the past and too rigid a scheme for the future. A quick revolution such as Luther brought about is violent and overdogmatic. The work of reasonable reform is slower in achieving success, but more satisfactory in its tolerance of diverging views. The author agrees with Canon Streeter that definition of all the mysteries of the faith is not desirable. A good point in the lectures is the effective quotation of poets and men of letters as well as theologians.

PEACE AND WAR

THE WAY OF PEACE. By VISCOUNT CECIL. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.

No matter how profoundly one may differ from the principles and postulates of Lord Robert Cecil's pacifism, there is something in his manner of presenting them, a transparent sincerity of altruism, sweet reasonableness and high seriousness of purpose, which disarms criticism. One admires and respects him for the same reasons that one loves Don Quixote—for the very hopelessness of his quest, the splendour of his visions, and the unflinching courage of his knight-errantry. Also—although his firm belief in the possibility of putting an end to war by means of international pacts for arbitration and conciliation brings him perforce into the company of Little Englanders and Intellectual pacifists of the Manchester school—he remains a *sang-pur* Conservative, proud and jealous of Great Britain's dignity and authority as a European Power. Finally, his arguments are so temperately worded, he recognizes so frankly many of the dangers and difficulties which beset the path of the pilgrim on the way to his Utopia, that one is almost persuaded to join him in that splendid adventure. But on closer examination, one realizes that, in all the collected essays and addresses of this volume, covering a period of ten years, there is no perception, or at least no admission, of the root cause of strife between modern nations, namely, that which lies in the inevitable struggle for the diminishing margin of the world's food supplies to meet the needs of rapidly increasing industrial

populations. Lord Cecil hopes and believes that, for the prevention of war, the collective wisdom of humanity, under the guidance of Geneva, will eventually outweigh its collective folly, but completely ignores the fundamental truth that (as the wisest of political economists has said) "until the increase of mankind shall come under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight," all our Peace pacts, our Leagues of Nations and international tribunals are but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. Strange, how many earnest humanitarians shrink from facing the law of population.

In his introductory chapter, discussing the horrors of modern warfare, Lord Cecil declares that "no other material evil is comparable to it"—a wide assumption untenable in the light of history and even of humanity's present-day experience. In an article on this subject in the November number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, I observed that, when it comes to choosing between the slow and cumulative sufferings of underbred and underfed millions, produced by severe economic pressure, history proves that the general body of citizens in such a state will prefer the risks of war to the certainty of Nature's alternative checks, famine and disease. Not all the pacific sentiments ever proclaimed at Geneva or The Hague can suspend the operation of the instinct of self-preservation amongst active, self-helping races, nor persuade empty stomachs to listen to sweet reason. Lord Cecil's faith in the League of Nations implies implicit belief in a new international morality (of which there is no evidence) and in the coercive force of enlightened public opinion. At the same time, being a good Conservative, he recognizes that it is the first duty of rulers to provide for the security of the State, but that security, as he sees it, should depend, not upon force, but "upon the general agreement of the whole of the inhabitants of the State that certain rules shall be observed by themselves." How such an agreement is to be achieved and applied in a modern democracy, even the most enlightened, we are not told, nor how the decisions of the League of Nations are to be imposed upon recalcitrant or untrustworthy peoples, even in such secondary matters as the suppression of opium or the White Slave traffic. The delusiveness of such schemes, as Spencer says, "is obvious enough to anyone who is not blinded by a hypothesis or carried away by an enthusiasm." Yet, in our hearts, we have a soft spot for our Don Quixotes, and while unshaken in the belief that "the virtue of the State is security," we readily confess that "liberty or strength of soul is the virtue of private persons." And these Lord Cecil undoubtedly possesses in no small degree.

J. O. P. BLAND.

BOOKS

UNDERTONES OF WAR. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.

THESE pages supply no general account of battle or of the advance of this line and the retreat of that. The story only concerns the author's immediate experiences in the front trenches, or farther back, maybe, in the comparative security due to overworked and sleepless soldiers. The narrative at first seems a little trivial in its emphasis on detail; but as Mr. Blunden proceeds and becomes "Rabbit" to the nicknamers and a seasoned soldier, if a little indifferent to his dress, his memory brings back to him wonderfully the thrills and exhaustions of raids, wanderings in "No Man's Land" from which the return seems hopeless, men of splendid humour and endurance, and everywhere the familiar ravages of incessant gunnery. One man goes out to gather watches from dead Germans, makes a big haul, and the next minute is blown up by a shell. With all these horrors go by way of contrast the author's strong love and observation of the countryside, a picturesque cottage or a fine sky. Our general impression of his book is first, a wonder that he escaped alive and untouched, and secondly, that, having been through it all at its worst, he has produced the most poignant and unforgettable sketches of an English soldier in the war that a later generation is likely to read. One has to get right away from such experiences to recreate them, and, if memory loses some things, the "depressing forced gaiety" of contemporary record is avoided. Occasionally we notice a quaint overwriting, as in the sentimental memory of a Marie Louise, which does not come off; plainer description, which inevitably in moments of stress brings its own beauty, is more to the point. The endurance and uncertainty of the trenches are difficult for the stay-at-home to realize. Once after a "direct hit" there is an appeal for help to another post which turns out to be worse off and has lost thirty men by a shell.

Mr. Blunden read in the middle of this warfare Young's sombre and rhetorical "Night Thoughts." His own poems, added at the end of the book, bear the impress of his individual talent. Like the language of a sergeant, they lack polish here and there, and perhaps have been left as they were written in the stress of war days. The most striking of them is a comparison between the war "I" and the normal ego rejoicing in the Tennysonian peace of country life:—

> — Sir, this man may talk
> But he surely omits
> That a shell any moment
> May blow us to bits;
> On this rock his identity—
> Argument splits.

FRENCH LITERATURE

PROUST. By CLIVE BELL. Hogarth Press. 5s.

To pay five shillings for eighty-nine duodecimo pages may seem extravagant, but Mr. Bell's critique on the strangest character in modern French literature is the most illuminating we have in English. Mr. Bell has the advantage of having at least once met Proust in the flesh. He thought him a snob, as no doubt he was; he calls his work tedious, even nauseous. Yet we presume more has been written about him, though his chief work appeared only in 1913, than on many great literary figures of a hundred years ago. La Société des Etudes Proustiennes has already three or four fat volumes to its credit and there are over a dozen independent studies. Mr. Bell pays a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Scott Moncrieff's translation of "A la recherche du temps perdu," which, we are sorry to note, seems to have stopped half-way. Perhaps the publishers fear lest "Sodome et Gomorrhe" and "Albertine disparue" prove too strong meat for the English censors. It is to be regretted that we have not the complete work in English, although Mr. Bell doubts if any one can really appreciate it who has not read it in the original. But the fashion for Proust is spreading and this little book will lighten the paths of any who desire a guide through the tangled undergrowth of his sixteen volumes.

STENDHAL: ARMANCE. Translated by C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

ONE of the improvements that have taken place in our literature since mid-Victorian days is the greater accuracy of our translations from the French. In the bad old times any Fleet Street hack who possessed a dictionary was ready to translate a long novel for a £10 note. And a sad mess he made of it. But now we have versions of such difficult authors as Stendhal, Proust, Flaubert and Anatole France that read as if they were original works. This is the fourth novel of Stendhal that Mr. Scott Moncrieff has done, and if it lacks the greatness of "La Chartreuse de Parme" or "Le Rouge et le Noir," it is none the less a study of a very curious personality. Stendhal is commonly called the first of the realists, and those who cannot make their way through the great Russian novelists may be advised to study him closely. Mr. Scott Moncrieff in his preface calls his hero a gentleman, a class he thinks now extinct. Certainly Octave does not act as does the young lover of today.

BOOKS

POETRY

MIDSUMMER NIGHT, AND OTHER TALES IN VERSE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MR. MASEFIELD'S new volume of verse retells the stories of the Arthurian legend in the idiom of modern verse, with that realism which we are led to expect from this poet. The result, on the one hand, is a certain gain of vitality; on the other, a loss of dignity. For analogy one might look at the experiments of Shakespeare in modern dress. The people live anew because they have shed some of the pre-Raphaelite nobility of the Round Table as Tennyson presented it, but they live as lesser figures and they do not quicken the old thoughts of chivalry. Masefield is at his best when he is describing rapid action, and the Arthurian cycle has probably appealed to him for this reason. But we prefer him to show us the lurking beauty amid the commonplace of our known world rather than to reverse the process by showing us the commonplaceness of this other too-romantic one.

THE ENCHANTED LOVERS. By AIMEE SCOTT. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF EDNA A. KAHLA. Poetry Lovers' Fellowship. 5s.

IGNOTUS. By EVARTS S. SCUDDER. Duckworth. 6s.

AMONG the newer publishing houses showing a faith in the existence of a poetry-reading public is that of Elkin Mathews and Marrot, and poetry lovers are learning to keep an eye on their lists. Lady Scott's volume, issued by this house, will not be likely to disappoint anyone who asks for straightforward expression in a manner traditional rather than daring. Her shorter poems will be already known to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. In "The Enchanted Lovers" she has three narrative pieces. The name poem —a romantic story of the time of the Norman Conquest—is technically interesting in its change of verse movement with each change of episode, a device which saves it from that monotony which always treads the heels of the sustained narrative form. There is felicity and a dignified sense of words in all Lady Scott's work, as this volume testifies.

Miss Kahla's book betokens a new movement to keep the poetic fires burning. The Poetry Lovers' Fellowship is an organization planning, by meetings, discussions, readings, and various forms of practical advice and help, to foster the love and practice of poetry. Part of their scheme is to publish work of outstanding merit: a risky and difficult matter for any such body; but few will be likely to cavil at the early choice of Miss Kahla's poems. They have undoubted individuality and real beauty. A great number of

them are religious pieces, but the pietist never forgets the artist, as is so often the case with religious expression, and their sincerity and power of imagery give Miss Kahla's poems real value.

Mr. Evarts Scudder's *Ignotus* is yet another volume which more than merits publication. His thought goes deep and his poems are not easy at first reading; but they reveal a sense of beauty as well as of culture, and they have that concentration and economy of language which belong to true poetry.

GENERAL

SCHUBERT'S SONGS. By RICHARD CAPELL. Ernest Benn. 15s.

THIS book is a labour of love. Nobody who was not enamoured of his subject could have analysed so minutely every song written by Schubert and described it with so much exactness. There was probably never a composer who was less conscious of the means he chose to express himself. Beethoven's notebooks survive to prove how painfully he laboured in order to produce an effect of spontaneity, but Schubert has left no such evidence. A bill of fare in a café would serve him, not merely for a note or a reminder of a theme, but for a whole song, caught at the moment of inspiration and fixed for ever. This is inspiration at its purest; not necessarily great because so copious, but carrying with it a freshness attained by no other composer before him or since. Mr. Capell's book, carefully written and rich in information, should encourage singers to delve more deeply into this extraordinary wealth of material and not confine themselves to the dozen songs which are so often repeated that the man in the street might imagine that Schubert had written no others worth preserving. The recent centenary celebrations served a useful purpose in directing general attention to the existence of many half-forgotten works, but there are still scores of songs which ought to be a part of a concert-singer's repertory and substitutes for the cheap, and far less tuneful, ballads which make some musical evenings so distressing.

THE UNCONVENTIONAL GARDEN. By SIR A. F. HORT. Arnold. 10s. 6d.

ONE of the greatest advances of the last generation is in garden flowers and arrangements. Men like Farrer have brought back beautiful and hitherto unknown things from the Far East; indeed, from all over the world new plants or new varieties of familiar plants can be brought to flourish early and late in English gardens. A few flowers, like *Gentiana verna*, seldom do so well as in their native habitat; but our climate, in spite of all that is said against it, allows a vast number of foreign beauties to grow. It is these additions to the garden, which the expert may beg, steal, or buy,

that the author deals with in his fascinating book. His mass of practical information is varied by his ready store of learning: has he not translated Theophrastus, the earliest of botanists? But he might have told us at the beginning where his garden patch is, and what soil he has to deal with, a detail which appears on page 52.

He proceeds by the seasons and then goes over the rock-garden and several well-loved races—the irises, pinks, and the saxifrages. One of the best of these last is an improved English wildflower, and though we may praise unstintedly foreign plants, like the great Californian poppy, we may find the wild Pasque-flower under cultivation more attractive than some of Farrer's rarities. The best treatment is not always known, and *Iris Kæmpferi*, to take an example, may oddly fail without it. The Madonna lily, in spite of its wide dispersion, is tricky in some ways.

There is ample room for taste in the wide world of the up-to-date flora, but generally we agree with the author. Scraggy growers, however beautiful in blossom, do not please us; and there are those quick-spreading things which, once cherished as novelties, become a dominating nuisance. The game is one in which much can be learnt from friends, and we wish Sir Arthur Hort's book a wide circulation among all enterprising gardeners.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HANDWRITING. By ROBERT SAUDEK. Allen and Unwin. · 18s.

THIS important book is by far the deepest and most elaborate study of handwriting that we have ever seen. Dr. Saudek's research is founded on the most painstaking study with all the up-to-date resources of science, such as microphotography. He accepts nothing which cannot be proved by systematic inquiry, and his twenty-six years of work are not likely to be superseded. He shows that the inquiry can be made to yield practical results concerning the forgery of documents and dishonesty, or at least a tendency thereto. His success in this last regard has been remarkable. He received material from sixteen English firms—seventy-three handwritings in all. In fourteen cases he diagnosed dishonesty and was correct in every case. We learn that " o's " open at the bottom point to the love of concealment.

The identification of signs of speed and slowness in execution is in itself a great advance and well illustrated by facsimiles of Dickens's hand in health and in one of the letters he wrote a day before his death (long since published in facsimile form). The different teaching in various countries has to be considered, especially the English " script " style. English handwriting is credited with peculiarities which indicate self-confidence avoiding

ostentation. "Pathological" features are physical and psychological signs not to be neglected. Among the hands diagnosed and illustrated, in the striking booklet of facsimiles fitted into the back cover of the book, are those of Mussolini and Sir Edward Grey. The latter's style, in his note to the French and German Governments about the neutrality of Belgium, is shown to be highly characteristic. Nelson with his right and left wrote an identical script, and the change from one hand to the other is not a good disguise for the graphologist. Interesting things are noted about ambidexterity, which, however, still requires to be fully studied. In ornamental writing the penhold is changed very frequently. A hand is called "natural" when merely a means of expression without attention to the technical side of the art of writing. Such writing, when mature, has a full-sentence impulse, and any other is called "unnatural" without any idea of moral valuation. Experts do not now believe in a firm distinction between male and female hands. We only question, so far as our observation goes, the remarks on absolutely large and small handwriting.

The elaborateness of the investigations in detail and the technical terms employed, such as "arcade" and "garland," do not make the book easy reading; but one reason for this is the thoroughness on which Dr. Saudek insists before he deduces any conclusion.

THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK, 1929. Edited by AGNES HERBERT. Black. 3s. 6d.

THIS book does not, like others of its kind, contain a directory of authors. Otherwise, it is fully equipped and reasonable both in size and price. Further, being edited by a working journalist, it is frank about the crooks who infest the literary world and delude the ignorant, so that it is the very thing for an amateur in writing to add to his working desk. The important section on "Copyright" might be made more definite in one or two points. The page of "Literary Dont's" is not a very serious affair and might provide bigger warnings, such as "Don't use odd words before you know what they mean." The main section, that of "Journals and Magazines," should be very useful.

Although every precaution is taken, the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage of manuscripts sent in for consideration; nor can he undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.